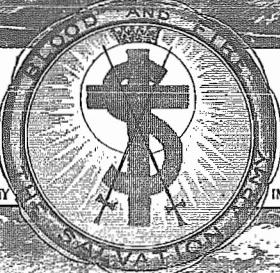


THE

WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year, No. 15.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

Do Not Pawn Your Conscience.

The story is told of a young wife who received, at the death of her mother, as a special heirloom, an old, large, clasped family Bible.

"I know, my daughter, your husband is not religious, and your love of God has grown cold under his influence, but treasure this volume for my sake. When the dark days of trial come, I advise you to turn to the Word of God for comfort, and you shall find consolation and aid."

The mother died. The young wife

went into the gayest of society with her husband, who was a vivacious, reckless man, bent upon pleasure and diversion only, not taking life seriously.

One day the crash came. Mother's legacy had been spent, and the husband's business, without the watchful eye of the master, left to drift, went into bankruptcy. It was a bitter awakening. The couple kept up appearances for a while, but when the husband's endeavor to find the means of earning a livelihood met with ill success, since he was fitful fit for earnest and hard work, the household furniture went, piece by piece, to the pawn-shop, to furnish means of support to the family.

At last the day came when only her wedding-ring was left to go to the pawn-

shop. It was a hard pull, but the baby's wail for food made her offer it.

When that money was spent, she knew of no other resource. In her extremity she fell upon her knees, and prayed to the God she had forgotten all those years. While praying she remembered her mother's big, old Bible, and with some difficulty opened the rusted old-fashioned lock. She had not turned many leaves when she discovered a hundred-pound note between its pages. A careful search revealed several more, the total amounting to several thousand pounds.

The starving couple fell upon their knees and promised God the remainder of their lives. With the money they started in a business which supported

them, and they served God faithfully.

The lesson of this story is plain. In this world we *may* find amusement, and passing enjoyment, but no consolation and aid in the extremity of our needs. Many a man or woman pawn their virtue, honor, truthfulness, and conscience in the devil's pawn-shop, to obtain a spurious livelihood, and only get fleeting satisfaction, which leaves a greater and keener remorse. All the time there are treasured in the Word of God, the shielded Bible, precious promises that will bring freedom, and the bread of life to the starving soul.

Are you starving, reader? There is bread enough and to spare in my Father's house. Come to Him, and you will receive pardon, peace, and life eternal.

—



"Behold, I Make All Things New."

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was nearly midnight when the farmer's wife rose from her work, and, folding the last little garment, gazed wearily through the countless window, to where the snow lay, cold and silent, under the moonbeams.

The farm-house was very still, for all the mother had been sleeping for hours. "But my work is never done," she murmured. "Never, never done! Whether it is summer or winter, each day brings its endless round of work. New Year, indeed!" and she laughed almost bitterly, "to me the new year will be as the old one, only possibly worse!"

Then, as midnight was striking from the old-fashioned eight-day clock, it seemed to the farmer's wife as if the moonbeams falling upon the wooden door took shape—the shape of the spirit of the New Year.

"I have come," the spirit seemed rather to breathe than say, so light it seemed and so transparent, "to bring thee a New Year's gift; a gift which shall make new all things around thee."

The woman listened, a look of bewilderment on her face.

"What—will the house, old and inconvenient as it is, be changed? I have so often wished—"

"The house will remain unaltered," said the spirit in reply.

"The farm then? Ah, if it was but nearer the town, and if the fields were only—"

"No, the farm will not change."

"Then it's my husband? If only he were different, now—less moody and silent if he showed me more consideration and—"

"No, the change will not be in the farmer."

The woman looked still more puzzled.

"The children?" she questioned. "They need altering indeed." "The servants?" "The neighbors?" And at last, in despair: "You only mock me, now; if all these burdens and cares and worries remain, how can my life be made new? It is impossible!"

But the spirit of the New Year was positive.

"It will change all, it will make all things new. My New Year's gift to thee." And even as it spoke a cloud passed across the moonbeam, and the room was dark and cheerless, except for a spark on the great hearth.

"A foolish dream!" said the farmer's wife to herself. "An overdone, tired out with work and worry, or such ideas would never have come to me."

And she turned from the window and went to her room.

Now, the legend tells us that in the early morning, long before the dawn, and before even the milkmaid or the yard-boy was stirring, the spirit of the New Year came to the farmer's wife, and gave her its promised New Year's gift—two new eyes. Eyes that would see the bright and not the dark, the good and not the bad.

The farmer was already at work when the mother came down that New Year's morning, and the children were seated round the oaken table busy with their porridge.

She looked at them. The moonlight dream of the night before had gone altogether from her mind; she thought she had never seen them look so well. Strong and healthy and happy, her eyes shone with thankfulness and joy as she came towards them.

It was a look the children had seldom seen on her face before, and they welcomed it eagerly. "A happy New Year to you, mother!" they shouted, crowding round her, and she bent to kiss them, feeling—"They are more to me than all the riches of the world!"

She sat down, and looked around. It was a nice room, this old kitchen. Strange that she had never noticed before how convenient it was, not how bright the sunshine made it.

Breakfast was, as usual, porridge and skim-milk, yet how many had no such good, wholesome food, this cold weather! She said so to the children, and her eldest girl answered quickly, "Yes, mother; I was going to tell you: old grannie, down in the hollow, is very ill

I meant to tell you yesterday, and ask you to let me take her something, once—"

The child stopped and blushed, and the woman understood. "Only" yesterday she had been so fretful and peevish no one could speak to her.

"I'll get you a little basket ready," she answered, taking no notice of the girl's confusion; "and the others can go down with you. The walk will do you all good."

For in the child's shyly expressed desire she saw care for others and practical sympathy. "And I always fancied her so selfish and cold!" she wondered, to the party set off.

Work, and plenty of it, came next; but work, when you are happy over it, is far higher than when you set about it with a heavy heart.

And the maids wondered at the way all seemed to go on oilied wheels.

A shadow crossed the window, and a moment later her husband entered, knocking the snow off from his boots the heel of the door.

She turned to him. He looked worn and weary, and the sight cut her like a knife. What if he was going to die and leave her? "Sit down," she said, drawing up one of the elbow-chairs. "I'll make you a cup of something hot; you seem tired out."

Never had the mother found so much love and appreciation: never had father, children and servants known so sweet and wonderful a spirit.

But not till the house was silent once more, and all save the farmer and his wife had left the fireside and gone to rest, did the memory of the spirit's promise return to the woman.

"This has been a good day, lass," said the farmer quietly, for the house was better, and numerous small acts of kindness had made the farm and all who passed in and out of it brighter and better.

"A good beginning to the New Year!"

Then, as a flash, the woman understood.

"Now I know; now I see it all!" she cried. "I thought my New Year's gift would change others, and instead of that it has changed me. I have got new eyes, father, eyes to see my mercies and my blessings; while before then I could only see the drudgery and same-sickness. Yes, I have the best of New Year's gifts, and, by God's blessing, not only my life, but yours, and the children's, and everybody's around me, shall be made new too."

And that, as far as I remember it, is the end of the legend.

M. Duff.

→ NOW AND FOREVER. ←

A WARNING TO SINNERS BY THE GENERAL.

"Is there any other question in the Heaven above or hell beneath, or the earth below here, that is more important, or as important, to you and me who sit in this hall, than, Where, where, where shall I spend this long eternity? Do you ask me?

"Well, tell me your character; then I will tell you where your destiny will be. If you are a holy man, you will go to Heaven; if you are unloved you will go to hell. Don't try, for God's sake, to get round it, it is too important to be trifled with. If you are not right, they will not have you in Heaven; there would be a civil war, if Peter were to let you in."

"Now, I come to what I was going to say, and that is, with what tremendous importance do these marches to eternity, which you will have to make, invest the decision which you will arrive at to-night: whether you come to this penitent form, or whether you don't, whether you come and kneel here and let God Almighty put you right, or whether you don't. If you are a backslider, let Him restore you; if you are a sinner, let Him come and transform you, and forgive you, and make you safe. If you are a half-saved Laodicean, come and let God bring back the days and the rejoicings of yore. Let Him do it now. Now is the time: that is my closing word, now—N-O-W to-night. Now, for eternity, now for eternity!

"I will give you an illustration: Some time ago there was a last attempt at rebellion in Ireland, and the insurgents, those who were in the rising, and everybody far and near, were to know the hour had come when there floated from the highest turret a green silk banner, and on that banner were the words, 'Now or never; now and for ever.' Come and kneel down here and hoist the banner of the Cross. It may be now or never. Come and let it be now, and for ever!" From an address delivered by the General at a recent meeting at Exeter Hall.

"I'm troubled over one of the horses, mother," he answered; "it's ill, and I don't know what to make of it."

The farmer held his breath and waited for the storm of complaint and annoyance to break. The team-man would be liable. The farmer himself should have noticed it earlier; she was the most unfortunate of women; ill-luck seemed to trouble her on every side. All this and much more the farmer had braced himself up to bear in silence.

But he waited in vain. His wife was huy over the ten-kettle. Then she turned to him, and laying one hand on his shoulder, set the cup before him with the other.

"That's bad news, father," she said, while a shade of anxiety rested on her face. "Drink this up, and I'll slip on my clogs and come out with you. Which horse is it, and what have you done for it?"

The farmer looked at her in surprise, answered her questions, and pondered, as he did so, over what had happened to his wife. Never had he known her take him so ill or bad now so patiently. If she were always to be like this, why, he would be as in the old days—gone, he had fancied, for ever.

And so the day passed, and before the family gathered in the kitchen for tea, all had felt the new and wonderful in-

Selections from the Talmud.

Traditions About Yeshua, the Son of Hananiah.

Translated by the Editor of "The People, the Land, and the Book," a monthly magazine devoted to Christian Missionary Work among the Jews.)

1. "Honor a man; do not trust him!"

A traveler once came to the city where Rabbi Yeshua lived. He could not get a place to lodge over night. When the Rabbi heard this, he sought the man and gave him food and drink. When it began to grow dark the Rabbi brought the stranger up to the roof where he gave him a good bed on which to sleep. It came to pass that at midnight the stranger arose, and gathering everything of value in the chamber, put them into a bag which he had with him—intending to descend from the roof by means of the ladder standing against the wall. This is the usual way of descending from the roofs of Eastern houses. When the thief stepped from the roof, his foot found nothing on

which to rest, and he fell to the ground. Before Rabbi Yeshua retired he had taken away the ladder, because he thought, "Perhaps my guest is a companion of thieves and robbers."

In the morning when Yeshua opened the door of his house, he saw the guest of the evening before lying on the ground. Yeshua hastened to him, and when he saw his many wounds he asked:

"How didst thou fall from thy bed to the ground?"

The man answered: "Who would have thought that thou wast so cunning!"

Rabbi Yeshua answered: "It is written, 'With the froward man thou shalt show thyself froward.' (Psalm xviii. 26.)

2. "Which to choose, the long way or the short one?"

On one occasion, when Rabbi Yeshua was making a journey, he passed a boy standing on the ground, and as he did not know the road to the place where he intended to go, he asked him:

"How far is it to the city of N—?"

The boy answered: "My lord, there are two ways before you, one short and the other long, and sure, and near."

Rabbi Yeshua took the first road. After traveling a few hours he came near the city, but was unable to enter on account of the high fence which surrounded it. He turned back to where the boy was seated and asked:

"Why did you deceive me?"

"I spoke the truth," said the boy. "One way is nearer, but twice as far on account of the fence."

Then said Rabbi Yeshua: "Blessed are ye children of Israel, because ye are wise from the smallest even unto the greatest."

The Rabbis, Gamaliel, Eliezerben, Azaryah, Yeshua, and Akiba, once journeyed to Rome. When they reached Puteoli they could already hear the din of the city, thought it was a distance of a hundred and twenty-three miles.

The Itathia, with the exception of Akiba, shed tears. He, on the contrary, began to laugh.

"Why laughest thou?" asked his friends.

"Why do you cry?" he retorted. They answered: "These Romans who worship idols of wood, and stone, and of incense to stars and planets, abide in peace and quietness, while our Temple, which was the footstool of our God, is consumed with fire; how can we help weeping?"

"That is just the very reason," said Akiba, "why I rejoice, for if such be the lot of those who transgress His laws, what will be the lot of those who honor and obey Him?"

Another time they were going up to Jerusalem, and at the Mount of the Guards they rent their clothe. As they drew near the Temple Mount, they saw a fox coming down from the place where the Holy of Holies once stood. The three Rabbis again began to weep, and Rabbi Akiba to laugh, as before. "Why do you weep?" was asked. They replied: "The fox walks upon it." (Lam. vi. 18) "upon the very place concerning which it is said, 'The stranger coming nigh shall be put to death.' Num. i. 51, and should we not weep?"

Rabbi Akiba answered: "That is just the reason for my laughing, for it is written in Isaiah viii. 2, 'And I took with me faithful witnesses to record, Uriah, the priest, and Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, and Zeberechiah, who lived during the second Temple.' Scripture unites the prediction of Zechariah that of Uriah, who writes in Micah iii. 12. 'Therefore shall Zion for your sakes be ploughed as a field.' In Zechariah viii. 4, it is written, 'There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem.' As long as this prediction of Uriah remains unfulfilled, I feared lest that of Zechariah should also not be fulfilled, but now the former prophecy, that foxes should walk upon Zion as on a ploughed field, has been fulfil'd; it is certain that the latter prediction will also come to pass."

The other Rabbis then exclaimed: "Akiba, thou hast comforted us! Akiba, thou dost comfort us!"

Note what great men admire. They admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

A Review of the Social Work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

The December issue of *The Deliverer* is a double number, and is entirely devoted to the annual report of the Social Operations of the Army in the United Kingdom. As previous reports, so this is by no means a mere string of facts and figures, but is composed of a collection of stories, illustrating the various departments of our Social work.

Each chapter, there are eleven in all, has been contributed by a well-known writer, and much instructive matter is promised by the following chapter heads:—

SILVER streaks in an Army Shelter; or, A PHILOSOPHIC DOCTOR, by Commissioner Nicol.

A SEVENFOLD VIEW OF CRIMINAL LIFE, by Brigadier Moss.

"A LITTLE THING TOMMY LEFT BEHIND HIM," by Major Bond.

MADELEINE; or, THE LITTLE WHITE TICKET, by Brigadier Duff.

And others equally captioned by drawing titles, and by literary lights, none the less lustrious because only represented by initials.

◊

Commissioner Nicol's story is very touching. He visited an Army Shelter to get some material for the exercise of his pen on behalf of the report, and came across an aged man, dressed poorly, but cleanly, which proved to be the victim of adverse circumstances—not of drink, baseness or crime. Addressed to the Commissioner, this man suggested to be addressed as Number One.

"I am not lazy," said the man. "Sit down, sir, and I will tell you the story of—"

"Number One?" I interjected.

He smiled. "We sat on the edge of the poor man's doos, surrounded by one of the most pathetic scenes to be seen in England. But two hundred men, embracing every type of submerged existence, were reclining on the benches; snoring, or already asleep in the Jubilee beds; unpacking crumbs they had gathered from the gutters and back doors of the town; repairing highly-ventilated wardrobes; munching, some with doggish ferocity, discarded bones and other table castaways; or turning into little heaps collections of cigarette ends. A few were standing at ease, waiting their serving of soup and bread at the cheap Re-restaurant Bar. You could hear the splash of others in the Bath and Wash-rooms. A sharp-eyed, self-possessed, energetic man, in Army uniform, flitted hither and thither, directing the collection of mugs and the distribution of soup, dropping to one and another words of cheer and good counsel. Oh, ye prophets of Millennium glory and prosperity, behold your task! Here, at the foundations of the great superstructure called Civilization, lies material that mocks your fetishes of Education and Science. What would ye do with them?"

Number One observed my diversion, and remarked: "We are not all what we seem, sir. As honest and honorable men will gather round our 'rayers' in

this Shelter as worship at St. Paul's on Sunday. Poverty is not a crime, sir. A man may have a good heart under a greasy coat. Do you see that man walking toward the corner? Well, he sells newspapers, and is a member of a church, and hasn't missed, to my knowledge, calling on his brother at the Workhouse for months. He's got the stuff in him that makes a man manly, whether in a shelter or a mansion. But," he said, after a pause, "you want to know how this item?"

(Number One, please?)

"Comes to be here. I must go back thirty-five years, when my wife died, and left me with two nutes of children. One was now a ciek in the Stock Exchange, and the other is married and resides in Winchester. The children saved me from being a maniac; but the misfortune of losing my wife knocked all ambition out of my life. Shall I ever forget the world as it looked when I returned in the black carriage from the graveyard? No, sir, never! It was a warm and glorious day in June. The streets, sky, sun and people all

were too biting. I walk along to Greenwich and look at the scenes of my younger days, and finish the afternoon in the Lewisham Cemetery."

"You don't find a silver streak there?"

"I do," replied Number One, mournfully: "I am no spiritualist, but I have become a firm believer in the spirit world since I knew this Shelter, and as I sit on the old gravestone, beneath which lies the crumbling bones of the only woman I ever loved, my heart softens, sir, and many a tear have I shed and many a prayer have I uttered—many, sir, many. I don't mind telling you this little secret of my life. You will understand. I shall join her one day, please God. Do you think they know up where we live down here?"

"Personally, I do."

"There's comfort in the thought, especially to one like me—an item, a mere item in a neglected crowd!"

"Why, you talk like a philosopher."

"So I am, sir, in my own way. I occasionally sit down in St. Paul's Churchyard and follow the pigeons in their innocent, natural frolic among the dead windows of the Cathedral, and laugh at their competitions for the crumbs a poor beggar, like me, throws at them. Those strong on the wing and in the feet come off, as a rule, the best. They pick up most of the crumbs. Young, weakly, timid pigeons stand little chance. And I read, sir, at those times the whole history of man's struggles in that churchyard, and often wonder, if these pigeons had the intelligence of mortals, they would wish to exchange their life for mine."

point, 'What can I get out of you?' Then, this place is clean, which to a man of my taste is worth a lot. I get my clothes washed at the other end of the building, and if I have any suspicions that, in associating with others, certain things have, unbeknown, secreted themselves in the lining, well—I can get them cremated. If I have a taste for a warm spray, as well as a good shampoo, then I can get the same for nothing when I like. These are all silver streaks."

After a pause, the Dossier Philosopher said: "I like your religion, though you are a little too severe on a bit o' bacca. Baden-Powell can easily dispense with his cut; he has other luxuries. A bit of 'bacca is often a comfort to me, especially on a wet and dreary night. It is my only luxury. I am a teetotaler. I believe in God as my Father and Christ as my Saviour, and it is to His grace alone that I am what I am—a poor but honest man, and a Christian."

I am pleased to hear that Number One concludes by announcing that he expects to get a situation in a coffee-house.

◊

A.M.N. writes a chapter on the "Elevators," or factories of the Army, which render temporary and permanent employment for a large number of out-of-works. The industries represented by these factories include carpentry and joinery, firewood (bundles of fire kindling), cabinet-making, upholstery, French polishing, turner-work, making, blacksmithing, mattress-making, painting, engineering, wheelwrighting, saw-mills, the working of paper-sorting, rag-sorting, matched metal-making, rag-sorting, candle-making, soap-fattening, etc.

A typical case of a clerk, who drifted into an Army Elevator, is given. The poor man was too weak to reduce in strength to do any hard work, and was put to cleaning knives and forks, which he resented at first, but was induced to do by the captain in charge, who believes in the "gospel of beef, work, system, and the Grace of God," to build up wrecks of humanity like this clerk. The clerk was truly converted, and is now in a situation in an accountant's office.

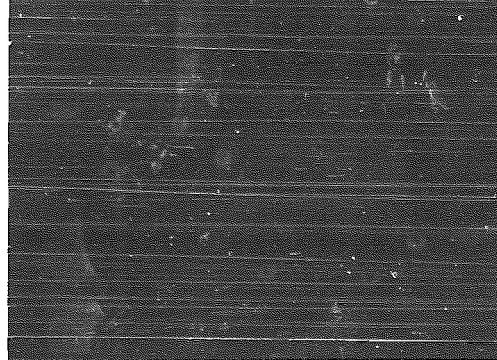
◊

In "A Sevenfold View of Criminal Life," Brigadier Moss tells the stories of seven criminals who found their way into the Prison Gate Home of the Army. The incidents are very pathetic, embracing the cases of young beginners and old, hardened criminals. We regret that space will not permit us repeating any of these.

◊

The Home for Homeless Boys is doing its own peculiar work among the waifs of London: the most incorrigible and despairing cases are taken in the institution. Many of the boys sheltered are forced, by the drunkenness of their parents, to get their own living as best they can.

(Continued on page 10.)



A Homeless Man's Retreat in London when the Shelters are Full. [N.3]

seemed to mock and laugh at my sorrow, for, and, whether you understand it or not, the fact is I have had no heart to live since then. Time's healing balm hasn't yet cured my sorrow. With my wife at home you see, I was a strong man; when she fled I was weak. The world was bright with sunshine all the year round; now it is all and always grey, excepting for little streaks of silver here and there."

"And what may these same streaks be, Number One?" we enquired.

"Not what you might think, sir. I have not entered a theatre or music-hall for many years; and it is long since I parted company with a glass of beer. I thank the Almighty God every day that my inclinations do not tend in these directions, sir."

"If the Sunday is dry and the wind

"I don't blame you, Number One, for the thought. The Master Himself asked the question, 'How much greater a man than a sheep?' In this city I fear that in some places a sheep is valued at a higher price than an immortal soul."

Number One nodded his assent.

"General Booth——"

"A good man, sir."

"Yes.—The General once jocularly remarked in a public meeting that some men were considerably below par when compared with sheep. They could kill a sheep and eat it; they couldn't do that with a soul."

It was delightful to see the philosopher, the sullenness with which he relapsed into his sealed-up-like manner.

"Any more streaks of silver?" we asked, pleasantly.

Number One again brightened. "Yes—this," he said, pointing to his bunk. "As things stand, with my limited resources—I've just netted tenpence today—this bunk is a little oasis in the desert. It's clean and comfortable, and only costs twopence, which is a consideration to a man of sixty-five, who has only tenpence to tide him over Sunday, and has no guarantee that he will make so much as tenpence again on Monday."

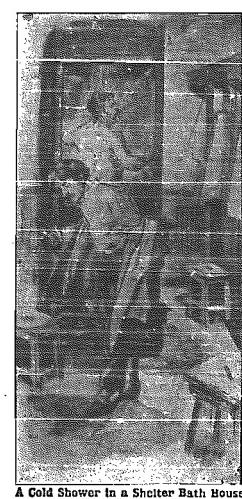
"Unanswerable."

"Quite so. Then you have good company in this Shelter. The difference between the Ensign, as you call him, and the Lodging-House Keeper, is this: the Army man looks at you from the point of view, 'What can I do for you?' The Lodging-House boss from the other



These Have All Done "Time," the One on the Left Being an Old Jail-Bird.

They are now reclaimed and useful members of society.



A Cold Shower in a Shelter Bath House.

RAMBLINGS

Of the East Ontario and Quebec Provincial Officer.

Tweed.

This corps is commanded by Ensign and Mrs. Jones, two faithful and devoted officers, under whose supervision a good soul-saving work is in progress. I paid them a visit recently. Arriving at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I was met by the corps and marched triumphantly through the town, and then back to the barracks, where a 3:45 meeting was held, which helped to inspire us for the night's public demonstration.

—♦—

A barracks just about full, two good cases of conversion, and \$10.50 taken in collections at the door, was not bad for a town just over one thousand population. The famous zobo band took prominent part, and assisted both outside and inside.

—♦—

The Junior work is in a most flourishing condition. It can boast of forty Company attendances on Sundays, and five Companies of twenty-three Bands of Love members; and on the occasion of my visit thirty-eight were present at the Band of Love meeting, which was held at 6:30. The Band of Love has also a zobo band.

—♦—

Peterboro.

Had a fine time here, with a good crowd for a week-night. Things are going up by leaps and bounds under Adj't. Babington and Lieut. Thompson. The soldiers seemed in excellent spirits, and the band gave us good music. Sorry to say we had no souls, although one raised his hand signifying a desire to be saved.

—♦—

Lippincott Street.

Here, on Friday night, ex-Capt. Jones and Bandmaster Downey, of Kingston, were made one under the Army flag. God bless them both. Rev. Mr. Jones, the Captain's father, gave an excellent "full salvation" experience, which did us all good to listen to.

—♦—

Lippincott being the corps where the writer played the part of a soldier while attached to T. H. Q., it was only natural for me to accept the invitation to spend the Sunday following the meeting there, and needless to say we had a good time, with three souls in the Fountain, and increased offerings and crowds.

—♦—

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts was in evidence; the Colonel and the writer have taken part in many a soul-saving battle together. Major and Mrs. Collier, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton, Adj'ts. Atwill and Creighton. Ensign Mrs. Wynn, Capt. Downey, Freeman, and Stacey, with others assisted, and we had a grand time together. God bless Lippincott St.

—♦—

Port Hope.

Here we have recently secured the Y. M. C. A. building, which answers our purpose admirably, for both public purposes and a quarters for officers. Oh, for a revival flame at this place. The Holy Ghost, plenty of hard work, and lots of visitation, are bound to succeed. God bless Capt. Wilson and her assistants, with their troops.

—♦—

Belleisle.

came next, and what a time we had here to be sure! Ensign Dugay (the District Officer) engaged us with music and song. Capt. Colier and Adj't. with their aides, had worked well, and before the meeting about 500 ten-cent tickets had been disposed of for "Sixty Thousand Miles by Land and Sea," which had been announced; consequently we had a very successful time.

—♦—

The Band of Love had been organized recently, and can now boast of 23 members. They have also a zobo band, and they played several tunes for the benefit of the P. O., who conducted a meeting with an attendance of about forty.

Deseronto.

The P. O. and D. O. next day hired to the "timber town." We had a splendid Band of Love meeting at 6:30, with over thirty present, although rather a bad night for the weather. Dr. Passmore and daughter were present with us. Deseronto has a splendid J. S. corps with an attendance of thirty-six, and seven Companies; also twenty Band of Love members.

—♦—

The public meeting was a very free time. Capt. Edwards, of Napanee, helping to make it so. Ensign Pugh sang an up-to-date song, to the tune of "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," the chorus of which runs—

"The Army is marching along,
The Army is marching along,
We'll fight till we're landed in Glory,
The Army is marching along.
And so we are. Hallelujah!" J. S. Pugmire.

Major Pickering and Staff

visit

The Fredericton District.

I have just spent a very enjoyable and successful week in this District, accompanied by the Provincial Staff, comprising the Chancellor, Capt. Fleming and Lieut. Urquhart. We commenced at Fredericton.

After a cold ride we arrived and were soon swinging away with a rousing song. The coin from the bandsmen's instruments, but we sang and after a red-hot open-air we march off to find a very good crowd awaiting us at the barracks. No stiffness, everything Blood-and-Fire. We parted full of faith for a big day on the morrow—and we were not disappointed. A score of knee-drillers revolved in the delights of "early birds." The crowds all day were superb; full afternoon and crowded at night, which spoke well for Adj't. Wiggin's announcement and advertising. How the people sat and drank in the trumpet; there was not a move until we began the prayer meeting, then they came until ten souls were seeking mercy. The money was not forgotten, for the collections were five times the ordinary amount.

Woodstock.

was visited on Monday night. Sleet and snow all night; others attractions in the town, but we had barracks nearly full, and a first-class meeting. One pleasing feature here is the number of men who have been recently saved, and are now fighting in the ranks. Capt. Welch and Lieut. Jones have done a splendid work. We are more than sorry to lose Capt. Welch; she leaves for Newfoundland to assist in the school affairs of that Province. We bespeak, however, a grand winter for her successor, Capt. Grekuland.

Houlton.

came next. It was arranged for us to go by sleigh a 12-mile drive. Whew! how the wind did blow the snow into flakes. Up-hill and down-hill we went, until at last the cheery faces of Ensign and Mrs. Larder welcomed us to their cozy quarters. The snow was falling heavily. "Shall we get a crowd?" more than one of the party were asking. We have had to fight a lot of prejudice here, but by eight o'clock all doubts were set at rest. The spacious Unitarian Church was kindly loaned for the occasion. The Provincial Officers had been announced to give his popular lecture, "Nine Years in Modern Babylon." Ministers from five other churches were present. The pastor of the Church presided, and for nearly two hours they listened to the story of the great world-wide scheme of the social and spiritual emancipation of the lost and erring ones. Time got late and we had to close. "You ought to have started at seven o'clock," said one minister, who would have liked the P. O.'s notes. By the liberal collection, and the hearty congratulations of the people, most of whom the leading business men of the place, we could see that fog of prejudice had been lifted from many minds. The officers were delighted. After a freezing drive back in the blinding snow, with "experiences better felt than told," we arrived back at 3 a.m. at Woodstock. A

few hours' repose, and at 7 o'clock we are again on the wing; this time for

Eastport.

But the weather was against us; we got stuck in the snow for seven hours, and after a weary journey of fourteen hours we got there, but too late for any meeting. The Opera House had been engaged, but had to be given up at the eleventh hour when the Captain found we could not get through. A blinding storm was raging to add to the general discomfort. Capt. Winchester and her Lieutenant have been fighting against great odds here, but have done well.

Calais.

came next on our list. We had splendid crowds. The Sunday afternoon specially deserves mention. The Methodist Church had been loaned for the occasion, and although a stormy day, the large church had a splendid crowd to fill it, and a history-making meeting followed. A soul-helping soldiers' council listed two soldiers to a higher standard. Ensign Sabine and Lieut. Payne have a good hold, and already the corps is beginning to improve under their leadership.

St. Stephen.

Capt. Loriner had worked well to advertise the meetings. A soul-searching holiness meeting resulted in general claiming the blessing, while in the special soldiers' meeting at night nine comrades re-sought the blessing of a new heart.

We returned to P. H. Q. Monday, rejoicing over fifteen souls for the week.—It, Oliphant Pickering, P. O.

TWO HAMILTON H. WARRIORS.

Mother Curry and Mother Moore are two of the oldest soldiers of the Hamilton H. corps, the date of their enlist-



Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Moore,
Of Hamilton, Ont.

ment being some sixteen years ago. Both are still on the warpath, hard after the enemy. They are always ready to take what part they can in the meetings, and it is quite a common occurrence for them to sing a duet together.

"How do you both learn the same song, and are always ready to sing?" I asked Mother Curry once.

"Oh, well, Captain," she said, "Mrs. Moore lives next door to me, and I go to her house and have a bit of a practice, and then she comes to my house, and we have another bit."

One of their favorite choruses is—

"I ain't got weary yet,
I've been going to the Army so long,
And I ain't got weary yet."

Mrs. Curry dispenses of 20 War Crys weekly, which is quite a help to her officers, that they may both be spared to see and take part in many more years' light is the prayer of their Captain—Jennie McCann.

The rich never want kindred.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

Nothing will kill a man quicker than perpetually feeling his own pulse.

JANE HOUSE, THE PREACHER;**OR, A MOTHER'S AMBITION.**

There was one, whom we'll call Mrs. House,
Since it's her true name we should hide,

Who was almost as poor as a mouse—
With husband and children beside,
She was not what you'd call a Christian,
But had a desire to be one;
So wished that each one of her children
Might grow up as good as they should;
And then she chose one for a parson—
The nation she got, I may say.

By meeting the Rev. Mark Marson,
Biking out with his "us" one day,
She said it looked "aristocratic"—
A rather long word you'll agree—
But if ever she got "rheumatic"

What a prop such a person would be!
So she stinted her dinners and teas,
And saved up her pence, for she knew
It would take a few pounds, if you please,

To study as ministers do.
But at length she had nearly enough,
And said to herself, "Now I can—
Notwithstanding my boys are so rough—
Tell them of my long-cherished plan,

So she called them together one day,
When her husband had gone to the pub."

But they grumbled and pouted away,
For they, too, were due at a club;
So, instead of their being so glad,
At prospect of wearing the gown,
They all looked so miserably sad,

And said it would sure knock 'em down.

First, the eldest she tried to engage,
But he had a definite plan—
For he said he had chosen the stage,
To act out his part as a man!
Then the second one, Hugh, said he'd be
Most anything else, but not that;

And he turned up his nose, as if he
Was troubled by smelling a rat!

Now, the youngest was Tommy, a lad

Not much overburdened with brains;

But the heart of his mother felt glad—

Thought she, "It will rub out his stains."

So she spoke of the good he might do
To heathen and others around;

Which tickled both Harry and Hugh,

Who laughed till they rolled on the ground!

And they laughed till tears came to their eyes,

But when Harry brushed them away

He spoke out in tones of surprise:

"Oh, mother, you'll kill us to-day!"

So this poor woman gave up her plan,

But fretted a deal, I am sure—

She'd the money all right, but the man—

She never would get anymore!

Oh, how oft, when our plans are upset,

And hope from our heart has quite fled,

There remained another way yet,

Arising as if from the dead,

When this mother's ambition was crushed.

For want of a man, or a boy,

In her cottage one morning there rushed

A neighbor, overflowing with joy.

Said she, "At the Army, last night,

Your Jane's such a preacher become,

That the meeting was red-hot and bright,

Without any cornet or drum!

And I heard that the Captain should say

That Jane must go into the Field;

And I guess he'll be coming to-day,

To see if her mother will yield!

And when she's a Captain, you know,

In charge of a Salvation corps,

As her mother sometimes will go,

To cheer her a bit, I am sure."

And the Captain did come, and he said

That Jane should a Candidate be;

And soon in a guernsey of red

The mother her daughter did see.

And although Mrs. House took on so

To consent to all that was done,

Yet she felt a bit proud, don't you know,

Of preachers, to know she had one.

Then, in time, Capt. House had a corps,

And asked her dear mother to spend

Just a day or two with her, or more,

Which would take in a certain week-end.

So she came, somewhat flurried a bit;

Said Captain, "I'm glad you have come!"

* * *

At the first open-air she got hit—

And saved as she knelt at the drum:

—David Copperfield.

Our Soldiers Page

Verse Topics.

OUR INFLUENCE.

There are two spirits in every man, and these spirits are contending together for the mastery. In all our relations we make one choice as to whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet; and so we shall liberate the spirit that is in them or invigorate the worst. There are men who go through life and do no evil so far as action is concerned, but who blight everything fine and fair which comes in their way, by the chilling breath of scepticism; there are others who have a genius for calling out the best. It was impossible not to believe in the nobility and dignity of life when one listened to Phillips Brooks; his atmosphere made scepticism incredible. When Hume declared that he believed in immortality whenever he remembered his mother, he was bearing testimony to the almost divine influence which women of the highest type always exert, and which they often exert in entire unconsciousness. What a man believes is a vital matter, not only for himself, but for others. Let him believe in the best, and, however full of faults and imperfections he may be, there will be in his own nature a slow, but gradual movement toward goodness, and he will make the attainment of virtue easier for all who know him. Let a man disbelieve in the possibility of purity, integrity, and unselfishness, and, although he may have great ability and many attractive qualities, he will smirch the society through which he passes, and leave a blackened trail behind him. When a man comes to look back on his own life, his most blessed comfort may be the discernment for the first time that he has helped instead of hindered, and his most terrible punishment may be the discernment for the first time of the aid which he has given unconsciously and unintentionally to the process of moral disintegration and spiritual decline in those about him.

Daily Soul-Tonic.

"Humility is man's best gift."

SUNDAY.—Before honor is humility."—Prov. xv. 33.

Would thou see true honor before God and god men? Then be humble, telling the Lord of all and learning of every circumstance of life, how to trust God, observe the wondrous workings of His providence, and esteem others better than thyself. Men will be to you what they see themselves in your esteem.

MONDAY.—"Before the destruction the heart is haughty."—Prov. xii. 16.

Proud men cannot see their faults; they hide them from others, and cover them up from themselves. They will not listen to reproof and admonition, because their mind is ever dwelling on the things they can do well, and never observe the many things in which they fall short. They walk with their heads turned to the clouds over the precipice of destruction.

TUESDAY.—"By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honor, and life."—Prov. xxii. 4.

If humility leads to riches, and honor, and life, they are not of that vaporous nature as the wealth and honor of this world, but of an enduring character. Humility's wealth cannot be stolen, and its honor cannot be tarnished, and its life is everlasting.

WEDNESDAY.—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah vi. 8.

The condition of God's blessing upon men are tersely described in the triad of justice, mercy, and humility, and they are the attributes of true love, the essence and nature of Christianity.

THURSDAY.—"Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. xix. 4.

The rule by which greatness is measured in heaven is in opposition to the one in this world. Here the most selfish and grabbing are counted the greatest; there the noble, self-sacrificing hero, who walks in humility before his God, unnoticed by the world, will be set up as the standard of heaven's knighthood.

FRIDAY.—"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Matt. xx. 27, 28.

Christ has set us an undisputable example of humility, for He was the servant of all men to win their allegiance to God. We need not cast about for excuses for our pride and stand upon our dignity, for there are none that can stand in the light of the Master's life. He was ever doing good, but never with the flourish of trumpets and with pompous pretensions.

SATURDAY.—"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that bombastes himself shall be exalted."

The man who exalts himself thereby makes himself a judge of his merits; but since no man can be his unprejudiced judge, he, of necessity, must be abased even in the eyes of men, ere the judgment of God smites him down. Walk humbly, and wait until thy God says, "Come up higher."

The Riches Within.

People are very much, in this world, like jewels locked up. You may bring out the easier, and nobody see the flashing jewels; but if you will open it and take them out, and bring them into a favorable light, then you will begin to discern what is the richness of your treasure. We have so much to do besides being good in this world, we have so much use for the hand and for the foot, for that which is material, that few of us open up the jewel-case of life, and show men what are the beauties and riches of that which is within, which God thinks of, which angels watch over, which eternity is to disclose, and which is to make heaven radiant, when we shall shine above the brightness of the stars.—H. Ward Beecher.

NOTICE! NOTICE! WANTED! WANTED!

Special Troupe of Women, West Ontario.

Among the soldiers of many of the West Ontario corps are doubtless to be found some girl-soldiers who could devote part or all of their time during this winter to sowing-work. Those who will do so please apply in person or by letter to Major MacMillan, Clarence St., London, Ont.

Some of the sweetest songs ever sung on earth have had for their accompaniment a heart o'erstring with suffering, and a spirit well-nigh quenched with sorrow.

Platform Illustrations.

Unheeded Warnings.

The Roman senators conspired against Julius Caesar to kill him. That very noon morning Artemidorus, Caesar's friend, delivered him a paper, desiring him to peruse it, wherein the whole plot was discovered; but Caesar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as un-concerned therein; and so, going to the senate-house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for the destruction of men; we bring the people a letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. "But who hath believed our report?" Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter; but thus, alas! run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.

Right Means to a Right End.

In the days of King Edward VI. the Lord Protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand your young Queen Mary in marriage to our King, according to their promises. The Scotch refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in Minsborough fight. One demanded of a Scottish lord, taken prisoner in the battle:

"Now, sir, how do you like our King's marriage with your Queen?"

"I always," quoth he, "did like the marriage, but I did not like the wedding, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword."

It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about by indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done by God's own ways. Otherwise we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereunto.

Beware of Baal.

Martin de Goliol, master of the Teutonic Order, was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and delivered, bound, to beheaded. But he persuaded his executioner, who had him alone, to take off his costly clothes, which otherwise would be spoiled with the sprinkling of his blood. Now, the prisoner, being partly unbound to be unloosed, and finding his arms somewhat loosened, struck the executioner to the ground, killing him afterwards with his own sword, and so gained both his life and his liberty. Christ hath overcome the world, and delivered it to us to destroy it. But we are all Achans by nature, and the Babylonian garment is a bait for our covetousness. Whilst, therefore, we seek to take plunder of this world's wardrobe, we let go the mastery we had formerly of it; and too often, that which Christ's passion made our captive, our folly makes our conqueror.

Remembrance of God's Favor.

Marcus Minnius deserved exceedingly well of the Roman state, having valiantly defended their capital. But afterwards, falling into disfavor with the people, he was condemned to death. However, the people would not be an unthankful as to suffer him to be executed in any place from whence the capital might be hidden; for the prospect thereof prompted them with fresh remembrance of his former merits. At last they found a low place in the Petilene grove, by the river-gate, where no pinnacle of the capital could be perceived, and there he was put to death.

Which way can men look and not have their eyes met with the remembrance of God's favor unto them? Look about the vineyard, it is fenced; look without it, the stones are cast out; look within

it, it is planted with the choicest vine; look above it, a tower is built in the midst thereof; look beneath it, a winepress is digged. It is impossible for one to look any way, and to avoid the beholding of God's bounty. Ungrateful man! And as there is no place, so there is no time for us to sin, without being at that instant beholden to Him; we owe to Him that we are, even when we are rebellious against Him.

What a Soldier Should Know

In Steckness.

The Salvation soldier must not chafe or worry because of any affliction that may happen to him, or to those whom he loves. In sickness he can always rest assured that while he loves and serves God to the utmost of his ability, nothing can happen to him but what comes by the will of God. In the sense that either God is aware of the visitation, and could have prevented it had He seen fit to do so, or that it comes direct from God's own hand, and is therefore sent in love for his benefit.

All Things Work Together for Good.

We can always be assured that all things, no matter how painful or injurious they may appear to him, can, and will, be made to work together for his good if he receives them in the spirit of submission, obedience, and faith.

Nevertheless, the desire for restoration to health is perfectly natural, and therefore lawful, and doubly so when combined with a desire to use the health prayed for in the work of saving men.

Use Legitimate Means of Restoration.

It must be, therefore, equally lawful to ask God for restoration and to use all legitimate means to bring it about, such as following the advice of those who are supposed to understand diseases, the nature of medicines, and the use of other means.

Trust God Above Everything.

It must be equally allowable for the Salvation soldier, when afflicted, and led to do so, to seek healing directly at the hands of God, and that without the use of medicines. In such cases success is very honoring to God, helpful to the faith of His people, and calculated to exalt the power of God in the estimation of the unconverted.

Sickness Is Not Sin.

But it is not in harmony with the teachings of the Bible, the experience of holy men, and the dictates of reason to pronounce all sickness to be only a proof of unbelief, and that it is the will of God to have all alike, and when He fails to do so, to pronounce it to be a proof of the existence of some secret sin, or the want of faith.

Act in Good Sense.

Nor is it in harmony with the law of either God or man to refuse to call in proper medical aid when children, or other persons unable to decide for themselves, are seriously ill. You are not forced to act upon any advice given if you think it contrary to the will of God; but, in order to be an obedient subject, you should, according to law, have a medical attendant duly qualified to give a certificate of the cause of death, should it occur.

Materialistic science exaggerates the body at the cost of the soul. If it could conquer, its victory would be man's deepest defeat.

His name on his forehead! There is an obscure way in which character impresses itself on the face. The very attempt to conceal writes—Hypocrite!

A Prairie Plucking; Or, SEED-SOWING AND ITS YIELD.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

CHAPTER VI.

SHEAF SAMPLES.

If we whose duty it is, by virtue of the God-appointed position we hold, to deal with immortal souls, only "knew the end from the beginning," and, therefore, understood at the time how each case with which we deal would shape its destiny, what the opportunities and possibilities the future of this present life would present to that immortal being, to what extent these opportunities and possibilities could be taken hold of and to what glorious heights of success they could be pushed up, how very differently we should often act than we do when dealing with these precious treasures. If we did but understand these things we should, at all events, manifestly earnestness in our desire to know more concerning those we hold to be exceptional cases, capable of being developed into extraordinarily useful and powerful characters. We should then weigh up matters in their true light, as near as one own estimation would permit, and should generally conclude that it would not be to the interests of Jesus Christ's Kingdom, or to our honor as His servants, for us to become disengaged by a few difficulties which may appear and threaten to impede our efforts or their progress. We should argue in our own minds, when adverse circumstances present themselves, that it would pay us over and over again, rather than slacken our efforts, or relax our zeal, to renew our diligence, to improve and multiply our tactics and prosecute with all the greater vigor and aggression our every effort to help and speed them forward.

If we, too, ourselves could but realize what, personally, we may accomplish, to what degrees of triumphant victory we might aspire, how much more of this same kind of thing should we do in order that we might qualify and help ourselves to arrive thereto?

Seeing, however, that with regard to the possibilities of others, as well as respecting those of our own, these things are very largely "voiled from our eyes," and seeing we cannot tell to which soul of those we deal with is going to develop into another Catherine or William Booth, another Fanny Warden or D. L. Moody, another of the sainted Fletchers, or another Knox, or Wesley, we ought to deal with each so that should this or that one eventually prove to be of such distinctive calibre, we should have nothing of which to be ashamed, nothing to regret as to the part it became our duty to play in dealing with them.

Could the Provincial Officer's wife associated with this story have known that day at Edinborough that now, seven years after, she understands, as to the possible outcome of the only soul she saw converted in that campaign, the devil had never dared to present to her mind such a temptation as that "little or nothing was done," much less dare he try to interrupt or discourage the young Scotchman in the advance he has ever since been seeking to make in the direction of "sleek swinging." For had both realized these things then, both would have made the kingdom of his Satanic Majesty suffer all the more acutely as the outcome of their renewed energy and self-constrained toil as interest paid on the capital of his every such attack. The devil would have been too coute to them to make any such losing investment.

It would take too much time to write the story, even were it possible to correctly calculate the result of that "one soul." It is known, however, by record which the Army keeps that in the appointments which the Captain has since filled at Ligar Street, Brampton, Oshawa, Hamilton, Huntsville, Newmarket, Riverside, and Bowmanville, that something like 250 souls have been won to the Master, and that a fair proportion of these have also been enlisted as Salvation soldiers, which means, or should mean, that the number will also arise other "sleek swingers." Of these converts some already give promise in that direction, but our time has gone or

we might longer stay to tell of other cases of sheep-gathering, such as that of Treas. Murphy, of — corps, and—just one such "sheaf" must, however, suffice.



The Meeting Adoring the Provincial Officer at Winnipeg, which Arouses White's Curiosity.

The Territorial Secretary and his ex-wife were down to do a week-end at Hamilton, Ont., and landed in "Ambitious City" about 5 p.m. Tea was already provided when we reached the officers' quarters. The Scot was there, but excused himself from taking tea with them—he must visit the saloons with Crys, etc., before the former closed. While the Scot was performing these weekly duties at this hour, the Territorial Secretary, by his wife, was in detention by W.—'s District Officer of "a certain wife"—which the Scotch "sleek swinger" had, by God's grace, gathered. We all understand that it takes a Scotchman to catch (convert) a Scotchman. The story ran about as follows:

J. Mac— had been a bar-tender for 15 years in a certain hotel in that city. He was a reliable man and in the service and estimation of the proprietor, a man of great value. W.— got hold of J.—, got the plough of truth at work in his soul, God's Spirit co-operating, worked the hawks of conviction in his conscience. J.— himself fostered these workings, and with the combined efforts of this trinity—the careful, kindly, and faithful toil of the Captain, J.—'s own repentant action, and the power of the Holy Ghost—J.— was soon brought fully into the garden of saving grace. He immediately "threw up" bar-tending, i.e., then return to which he tramped the city for several weeks in search of more noble employment, during which time he received protests galore from his old proprietor and others, to "return to his old job."

Eventually, however, through the Army's agency, J.— obtained a position in Buffalo, N. Y., where he sold his former wine to said Hotel, the proprietor put up the strongest protest of all. J.—, however, would neither be persuaded, shamed, driven, nor coaxed back to his old ways, to express his disapproval of which the proprietor presented J.— with the gift of a purse, which when he had opened it, was found to contain \$50. Such expression of disapproval doubtless had a great effect on J.—, who, the last time we heard of him, was doing well in the enjoyable service of his new environments and privileges—those of a soldier of the great S. A.

Capt. and Mrs. White are now in charge of our Portage la Prairie corps, in Manitoba, and in view of recent events, and the Bible declaration that "one shall chase a thousand," but that "two shall put ten thousand to flight," we may hope to hear of still more numerous such "sheaves" being gathered in the days which are to come.

THE END.



Capt. G. P. Thompson.

"How the Devil Came to Church."

A short time back I was around visiting and I came across a small pamphlet with the above title. Being a Salvationist, I'm not so well acquainted with how the devil goes to church, as I am how he comes to the Army barracks. However, this title reminded me very forcibly that I had met the devil in several forms.

A well-dressed, smart-looking young man came in one night, and when the invitation was given for testimonies he rose to his feet with as long a string of religious talk as ever you heard. He had been drinking enough from the wine cup to give him the courage his mates said he didn't have. Anyway, his speech proved that it was the devil at the Army. Poor dude.

Another young fellow came out to the drum-head in the open-air, and professed to get salvation. He came along to the barracks, gave his testimony, and was applauded by the officers and soldiers for his heroic action. After the meeting he called the Captain outside and wanted to borrow a dollar-bill, and a set of his chums stood on the opposite side of the street; it was there the devil showed himself. Silly duds.

A very popular young lady thought she'd like to be clever enough to get the Captain to leave his post in the Army, and decided to go to the penitent form and make a profession of salvation for a trial. She did so, but failed in her mission of getting the Captain to leave his post. The said young lady lost a great deal of her popularity among her lady friends, and left town for a year while the sore was healing. Deuded lass.

The devil at the Army has had many a hard knock, but it doesn't discourage him, he still keeps it up.

I could tell of dozens of times the devil has put in his appearance in this fashion, but the number of times that he has been along drunk, with his pockets full of small stones, poss, nuts, rice, salt, etc., etc., is past my reckoning.

Years of experience have taught me that the devil is very industrious in his business, he never lets any time be wasted, but is full speed about his work all the year round. Knowing this gives me a great desire to get in every moment that I can for God. I realize that to be able to defeat the devil we must be filled with God's love to match proclamations from the devil's grasp, we must live with God, and be hourly in touch with Him.

Every Christian should feel it his duty to spend a certain portion of his time studying the best way of flooring the works of the devil by raising the flag of holiness.

The devil has too much of his own way. Oh! for a mighty wave of holiness to sweep across our fair Dominion of Canada.

Do Your Duty.

Do thy duty and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace with thee apart from the honest and faithful discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which rightly viewed, are angels of divine discipline. Thou hast too much to say for thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.—Frederick R. Marvin.

In human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood.



IL—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XL.

The two brothers, Caracalla and Geta, who had both been destined by their father to succeed him, concluded a treaty with the Carthaginians, who had again revolted, and then returned to Rome. The hatred which they had cherished against each other from their boyhood now burst forth with greater animosity, and it was in vain that their mother, Julia Domna, attempted to bring about a reconciliation: Caracalla, the more cruel of the two, caused his brother to be murdered in the very arms of his mother, and then declared him to be a god, A.D. 212. No one, however, was allowed to mention the name of Geta, and all his friends were put to death. Among these victims was Caracalla's own instructor, the great jurist Papinius. Besides these, thousands of others were murdered in order that the tyrant might gain possession of their property. When these means no longer sufficed to provide him with the wealth he wanted to gratify his lusts, he defrauded the coinage and in order to be able to increase the taxes conferred the Roman franchises upon all free-born subjects of the Empire. But all these things made his name so odious at Rome that he felt uneasy, and resolved to travel through the various countries of the Empire, all of which were now equally robbed and plundered, and deprived of their best habitants. Thus he devastated Gaul in A. D. 213, and in the year following he was obliged to purchase peace of the Germans, notwithstanding which he assumed the title Germenius. After this he traversed Macedonia, spiking Alexander the Great in his dress, gestures, and the inclination of the head; thence he proceeded to Asia Minor, where he imitated Achilles. Osphrones was made by him a Roman Provinces, but an attempt upon Armenia failed. At last he arrived in Alexandria, where some prosequitives upon him had been established. For the offense he now committed the city, in A. D. 215, "orderly giving the greater part of its inhabitants to be butchered by the soldiers. The place is said to have been literally deluged with blood. After this atrocity he proceeded to Antioch, being desirous to obtain the surname Parthicus. He gained his object, without fighting a battle, by treacherously causing Artabanes, the King of the Parthians, to be put to death. But on his return he himself was murdered, on the 8th of April, A. D. 217, near Edessa, by his own soldiers, headed by Maenius, the prefect of the pretorians.

Maenius, the murderer, was then proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers, and continued the war against the Parthians, but without success, and was obliged to purchase peace of them with an enormous sum of money. The Roman senate disliked Maenius, because, being himself a Mauritanian of low origin, he raised vulgar persons to rank and station; and with the soldiers he was unpopular, on account of his harshness. Meles, a slave of Julius Domna, the wife of Septimius Severus, accordingly had no difficulty in exciting the soldiers against him, and persuading them to confer the imperial dignity upon her own grandson, Elagabalus, a priest of the Sun at Emesa. This happened on the 8th of June, A. D. 218. In the ensuing struggle between the two Emperors, Maenius and his son Diadumenianus were murdered at Chalcodon. The mad and brutal lusts, and the fearful extravagances of Elagabalus, however, soon created universal disgust. It would almost seem that at times he was actually laboring under insanity; he raised his grandmother to the rank of senator, and instituted a senate of ladies to honor his mother, and to determine the fashions and ceremonies. As Meles perceived that the Romans would not tolerate the young and cruel voluntary much longer, she persuaded him to raise Alexander Severus, another grandson: of hers, to the rank of Cesar; Elagabalus complied with the request, but finding that the Cesar daily rose in popularity, he attempted to murder him; at length the pretorians, utterly disgusted with him, put him and his mother to death on the 11th of March, A. D. 222.



How the Money for the Christmas Dinner for 20,000 of New York's Poor was Collected.

UNITED STATES.

The great Staff Congress just closed has been full of important features and attended with much success. Many important subjects were dealt with at the three days' Councils, led by the Commander and Consul.

The week from January 6th to 12th is to be observed as a Special Week of Prayer and Reconciliation throughout the United States.

The Cherry Tree Home sale, which has just been concluded in the Memorial Hall, under the personal supervision of the Consul, has been pronounced a great and glorious success. Mrs. Russell Sage graced the occasion and made an appropriate address.

The latest feature introduced on the American field in the Provincial system, Provinces comprising several Divisions, in charge of a Provincial Officer, have been formed, and Chief Divisions, the latter reporting direct to National Headquarters.

A stupendous Christmas feast will be given to 20,000 of New York's poor, by the Salvation Army, at an early date. Over 3,000 guests will be entertained at the Madison Square Garden, and 3,200 baskets will be distributed from the same place, with food for 16,000 individuals. Some idea of the enormity of the preparations can be formed from the following items necessary to provision this great banquet:

Turkey	4,000 lbs.
Chicken	9,000 lbs.
Beef, mutton, or pork	5,000 lbs.
Beans, coffee, and cranberries each	1,000 lbs.
Candies	2,000 lbs.
Nuts	2,000 lbs.
Vegetables	3,000 lbs.
Potatoes	500 lbs.
Sugar	12 lbs.
Apples	50 lbs.
Pies	1,200

It will be noticed that milk, butter, fruits, etc., have not been mentioned. They will, however, be proportionate to the rest. It is estimated that 8,000 loaves of bread will be required.

Colonel Holland and Staff-Capt. Sam Wood have been allotted the management of the great free dinner at the Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Three Days' Soldiers' Congress, just concluded by the Commander and Colonel Higgins, in Philadelphia, has been the most memorable in the history of the Army in that city.

The new Annual Report has just been published by the New York Trade Headquarters.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The late Junior Campaign has resulted in a rich harvest of young souls, and a general advancement of the Junior work in the Territory.



A big program has been arranged for the Seven Days' Congress to be held in Cape Town. Over 100 Staff and Field Officers will take part.

Plans for the coming Self-Denial effort are already under discussion.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Christmas number of the Social Gazette is a worthy production. Its full striking front page and general illustrations make it every way a holiday number. Among others of its seasonal contents are two letters from the General: One a message of hope to the occupants of the Shelters at Christmas time, and the other a special appeal to our friends asking for aid on behalf of the submerged.

The London Christians War Cry has on a special coat of many colors, in the shape of a cover added to the regulation sixteen-page number. The frontispiece illustrates an Indian harvest after the recent famine. The contents are excellent, being a choice selection from our best British writers. The General contributes "The Stone Christ," the Chief of the Staff also has an article, "In Unexpected Places;" Commissioner Railton, Colonel Wilson, and Brigadier Moss are represented, while the balance of the contributions is chiefly by the "initial elite."

AUSTRALASIA.

The Cup-night Celebration, conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, in the Melbourne Town Hall, was attended

by an enormous crowd, and was the scene of great enthusiasm.

The Indian boys have just concluded their tour in Queensland, which was highly blessed of God. They will next visit New Zealand.

The Headquarters' Staff Band has put in a lot of hard work in connection with the Self-Denial appeal just closed.

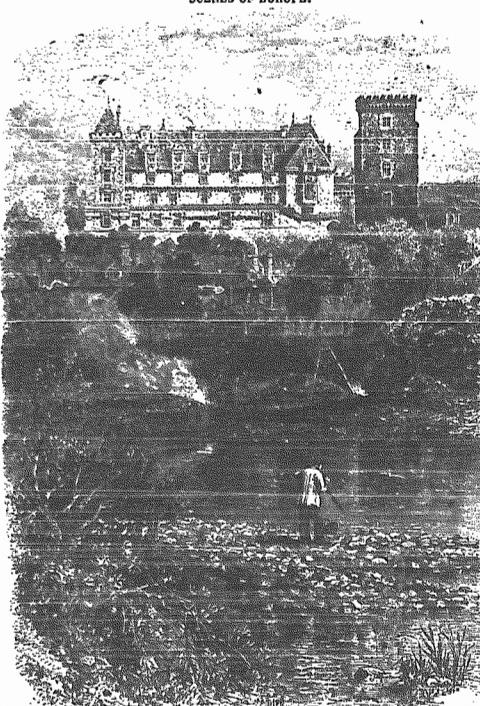
Lieut. Fontaine and her assistant traveled 692 miles by horse, and about 97 in the bush, from shearing shed to shearing shed, in the interests of the above-mentioned effort.

A Prodigal's Letter.

(Extract.)

"I can never forget the day I stepped back from the ranks. I went out thinking that I could do more good. In a dark hour I trusted too much to self, I did not look to God, and that caused me to give in. God only knows the bitter experience I had to go through after I left the dear Army. I felt I had forfeited all I had—I had sold my birthright to the Kingdom of Heaven. I did not know how to value my position as an officer, and the inestimable worth, the blessed privilege God had given me. I believe this experience of mine will make me more than ever to be a greater blessing than I have ever been to all. What sad and irrecoverable experiences I had to pass through; but, God be praised that He has given me another opportunity to fight for Him in the ranks of the Salvation Army."

SCENES OF EUROPE.



Chateau de Pau, France.



Major and Mrs. Johnson.
Recently Married at New York.



Over 1,200 poor people received a good Christmas dinner at the Salvation Army barracks yesterday. The crowd was greatly in excess of last year, and the excellent dinner given was greatly enjoyed. Small packages of candies were distributed to all who went in. Much credit is due to the officers and girls of the barracks, who labored incessantly all day for the benefit of their guests.—Winnipeg Tribune, Dec. 26th.



The Commissioner

Will Visit and Conduct Meetings as Follows:

BRADFORD,

Tuesday, January 15th.

MONTREAL,

Sunday, Jan. 27th—Afternoon and Night in the Windsor Hall.

Monday, Jan. 28th.

Central Ontario Province,

MAJOR TURNER.—Hamilton, I. Sat. and Sun., Jan. 12, 13; Hamilton II., Mon., Jan. 14; Dundas, Tues., Jan. 15.

THE DYNAMIC TROUPE.—Midland, Fri., Jan. 11, to Thurs., Jan. 17; Barrie, Fri., Jan. 18, to Thurs., Jan. 24; Collingwood, Fri., Jan. 25, to Thurs., Jan. 31; Meaford, Fri., Feb. 1, to Thurs., Feb. 7; Owen Sound, Fri., Feb. 8, to Thurs., Feb. 14.

West Ontario Province.

THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will visit: Ingersoll, Jan. 8 to 13; Woodstock, Jan. 14 to 19; Paris, Jan. 21 to 28; Galt, Jan. 29 to Feb. 3; Hespeler, Feb. 4 to 10; Guelph, Feb. 11 to 17. Night of Prayer every Monday night.

MRS. READ AT PICTON.

Picton's Pioneer Officer Buck Again for a Visit.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, who, as Capt. Goodall, opened this corps over 16 years ago, has just paid us a visit. From the start to the finish her meetings were an unequalled success.

It was a beautiful tribute to the affectionate natures of the Picton people, to observe the way they turned out to welcome back their old-time leader. The barracks was nicely filled on Saturday night, and completely packed on Sunday afternoon and night; at the latter meeting hundreds were turned away.

Mrs. Read handled her different subjects with great skill, and the power of God was seen working in the sinners' hearts. In the afternoon a dear Junior came to the Mercy Seat voluntarily, and at night a backslider of some long wandering came home.

Monday night Mrs. Read addressed a large audience in the Methodist Church, the meeting being ably presided over by Mr. Harvard M. Minott.

Through Mrs. Read's kindness in coming here she enabled to wipe off a large debt which had burdened the corps, for which we say, "Praise God!"

Since these meetings four men, who almost yielded in Mrs. Read's meetings, have got saved.—Mandolin and Jew's Harp.

The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

(Continued from page 3.)

Here is the information given by one bright, sharp-witted boy of fourteen:-

"Parents?"

"Dead, sir."

"How long ago?"

"Father died in the Workhouse of 'D.T.'s.'" (These boys know the abbreviations for all kinds of horrors).

"And your mother?"

"She died of rheumatism, sir, through hawking and hoezing."

"What standard did you pass at school, Harry?"

"The fourth, sir, and then I walked it. Never been since."

◆

THE SLUM ANGEL'S WORK.

Major Bond writes of "The Little Thing Tommy Left behind Him," as follows:-



"The Little Thing."

"My acquaintance with the Little Thing, whose portrait is herewith printed, came about in this way: A few weeks ago, an Officer entered my office, and asked me to run down to Mrs. Colonel Hay's room; for a few minutes, Mrs. Colonel Hay is the Chief Officer of the London Slum Work. I made the necessary descent, and found myself face to face with the Little Thing. To say I received a shock is putting it very mildly. I never thought a baby could be so reduced and yet live."

The photograph falls far short of the original. The child was twelve months old, and did not weigh thirteen pounds. The average weight of a healthy child of that age is, of course, twenty-one pounds. Its bloodless little body was mere skin and bones; anything more like an Indian Famine child it is difficult to imagine.

It was speckled and pitted all over from the ravages of vermin, and its drawn, parchment-like, face, with the bright eyes, large head, and small neck, made it appear for all the world like an unfledged birdling. On the table lay its feeding-bottle containing a quantity of water with the faintest discolouration or condensed milk. This was its food! A dirty, ragged petticoat and vest were its entire clothing.

In this condition the Slum Officer had discovered it, lying on a bag of straw, all alone, in the top room of a tenement house, down a slim court.

After hunting up the mother, the Slum Officer brought the Little Thing to the Medical Officer at the International Headquarters, who pronounced it to be in a dying condition, but prescribed a course of treatment for it; and the Slum Captain took it to her own quarters.

The story of the mother is a sample of the heart-breaking misery to which the poor of London are chained. The Army finally took the mother into a



Waiting for the Captain to Start the Meeting.

A FEW FIGURES SHOWING SOME OF THE WORK OF The Darkest England Scheme in the United Kingdom.

	In 1900.	Total since beginning of the Scheme.
Number of Meals Supplied at Cheap Food Depots.....	2,163,000	29,277,377
" Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless.....	1,567,562	12,725,524
" Street children in Shelters.....	15,427	73,874
Amount of Cash received from the people for Food and Lodging.....	£32,745 15s.	£331,187 15s.
Number of Applications from Unemployed registered at Labor Bureaux.....	11,282	123,999
" received into Factories.....	3,042	25,918
" for whom Employment (temporary and permanent) has been found.....	9,476	99,759
" of Ex-Criminals received into Homes.....	525	4,823
" Ex-Criminals passed through Homes, restored to friends, sent to situations, etc.....	182	3,218
" Applications for Lost Persons.....	3,569	22,193
" Lost Persons found.....	1,216	8,180
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes.....	2,460	20,100
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes who were sent to situations, restored to friends, etc.....	2,135	16,501
" Families visited in Slums.....	59,718	100,018
" Families prayed with.....	41,951	73,931
" Public-Houses visited.....	45,103	136,631
" Lodging-House visited.....	295	555
" Lodging-House Meetings held.....	251	407
" Sick people visited and nursed.....	1,777	3,649

Home to prepare her for service, and the Little Thing is thriving under the care of an Army nurse.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The incidents of Rescue Work, tales of Women's Shelters and Maternity Hospitals, etc., are all fascinating and calculated to arouse sympathy for the victims and genuine admiration for the devoted women who have consecrated their lives to this truly Christ-like work, and above all, our praises to God who raised up and inspired our loved General men's souls and bodies.

DESERTED BY HUSBAND.

Deserted by her husband; cast out by unloving parents; scorned by everyone, and soon to become a mother, Mrs. Oliver B. Moss, aged about 17 years, wandered about the streets of Watertown a few nights ago. The girl was poorly clothed, her garments being but rags in the form of a dress. The rents in the rags exposed the tender flesh to the bitter cold and driving snow. The pangs of hunger tormented her; the scorn of passers-by angered her, and the thoughts of a night in the streets added to her grief. It is written that the "darkest hour is just before the dawn," and the saying is oftentimes true. About mid-night Mrs. Capt. William Trembath

of the Salvation Army, found the homeless girl and took her to Capt. Trembath's home, at No. 10 Park Street.

To go back. The details of the girl's misfortune date back to March last, when she became the wife of Oliver Moss. Moss is about 50 years old and came to this city about two years ago to build trestles for the Black River Traction Company's Dexter extension. He purchased a lot on the corner of State St. and Indiana Ave., and began the erection of a \$5,000 house. While engaged in the erection of the house he also became engaged to Clara, the 17-year-old daughter of Frank and Lina C. Moss and the girl were married, despite the disparity of their ages, and resided at the C. residence. The couple lived in married bliss for three weeks, when the husband left the wife and took up his headquarters at Mack's hotel, on Court St. On June 13th he left the city and has not been heard from since.

For a time Mrs. Moss lived with her parents and a little later went out to work. She worked at different places until her secret was learned and then she was cast out onto the streets. It was thus that Mrs. Trembath found the girl. She was taken to the good woman's house, where she was clothed and fed, and by soliciting among friends of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Trembath secured funds, and Saturday night left with the girl for Philadelphia, Pa., where the girl will be placed in the Salvation Army Rescue Home for deserted women. The unfortunate girl will be cared for until she is once more able to go out into the world and earn her own livelihood.

If anybody knows herself to be in a false position let her step out of it. If anybody has been unkind or inconsiderate, or self-absorbed, or morbid, or dangerous, let her quickly kneel and tell the Lord that she is penitent and ask His forgiveness, and then in His strength let her turn over her new leaf. But all this should be done quietly—not with a flourish of trumpets—Margaret E. Sangster, in the January Ladies' Home Journal.



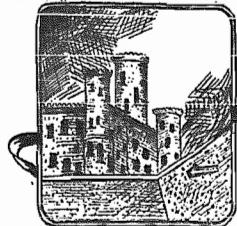
At 1 a.m. In Regent Hall Oxford Street



Despair.



Some Waifs Under Our Care.



FROM

FORTS AND
OUTPOSTS

Eastern Province.

ADJT. DOWELL'S LECTURE.

North Sydney, C. B.—"A Bible Wife, and How to Get Her," was the subject that was announced for Thursday night, and Adj't. and Mrs. Dowell, accompanied by Capt. Leadley and Lieut. Clark were the visitors. One man who had not been to the Army for six months, thought he would like to hear the lecture. He was well satisfied with the way the Adj'tant dealt with his subject. Capt. —— thought he would try and keep on the right side of the D. O. to ensure three stations as a married man. Sunday was a most blessed day of victory. Capt. Greenland, who has just arrived from Newfoundland, was with us all day. After a strong battle at night two souls professed salvation. Finances tip-top. — G. P. Thompson.

THE WORK FLOURISHING.

Kentville, N. S.—"Who were the spiritual you had on Sunday afternoon?" came the enquiry from our visitor the other day. "None at all," was the reply. We are flourishing just now. Two souls last weekend, and the work still goes on.—A. Jess, R. C.

Newfoundland.

TWO SOULS SEEK PARDON.

Catina, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of victory. God's Spirit worked upon the hearts of the unsaved, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls crying for pardon. May they prove true soldiers of the cross. We are believing for greater victories.—Lieut. Snow.

A NEW SET OF INSTRUMENTS FROM ENGLAND.

St. John's, Nfld.—Old No. 1, is holding its own. A grand work is going on and many souls are getting saved. During the past week twenty have decided for Christ and twenty others have sought the blessing of holiness. The open-air attendances are splendid. Our total collections for the week amounted to \$75. The new brass band instruments have just arrived from England, and are in every way up to date. The comrades and friends are delighted with them. Much credit is due to I. H. Q. for the splendid get-up of the whole set.—J. S. McLean, Adj't.

BETTER ON BEFORE.

Grosberry Island, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of blessing, much of God's power being felt in all the meetings. In the

afternoon we rejoiced over two Juuiors coming to the fold. At night a poor backslider claimed pardon. We are believing for better times. Praise God for what He has done, and for what He is going to do.—M. Noel, Lieut.

A SPECIAL TIME.

Heart's Delight.—We are still pressing on at this corps. God is on our side and victory is sure. Since you last heard from us we have had a very special time, in the shape of a cake social, which was enjoyed by all. Our friends gave a good collection, which went to purchase rumps for the barracks. Sunday we had the joy of seeing two souls come home. Our Lieutenant is the right man in the right place. God bless him.—Cadet H. Whitehead.

Central Ontario Province.

GOD IS PROSPERING HIS WORK.

Little Current.—We praise God for ten souls since last report. We are having good success in our work among the people and God is blessing us. Good crowds attend the meetings, and the soldiers are all on fire. We are determined to go ahead.—Lieut. J. Marshall.

STARTING THE BRASS BAND.

Bowmanville is a very good town. The people are kind and love the S. A., consequently we are making good progress. Staff-Capt. Stanton has paid us a visit. His meetings were very impressive. The soldiers were inspired, converts blessed, and one sinner saved. We wish the Staff-Captain to come again and bring Mrs. Stanton with him. We are reorganizing the brass band, and fully expect a prosperous winter. To God be the glory for victories won.—Capt. and Mrs. Howell.

East Ontario Province.

BUILDING CHOWDIE, MANY TURNED AWAY.

Morrisburg.—We are still marching on to war. On Friday night we held a meeting at the outpost, Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scotchman, to the front. Hall crowded, and many had to go away unable to get in. Finances good, and the best of all, three precious souls plunged into the Fountain. Blessed time here on Sunday. Devil again defeated, when two sin-burdened souls sought deliverance. One, brother of two of our officers, who for the first time prayed the penitent's prayer, and, thank God, his prayer was heard. The other was the prayer of a backslider, which was heard. Praise the Lord!—M. E. Cook, Capt.

KEEP BELIEVING.

Cobourg.—We are still alive here in Cobourg. The enemy is very much in evidence, and so is Dad Leighton, who always ready to give the devil a few good knocks whenever he has a chance. We are believing for good times this winter.—R. Grego.

THEIR NEW CAPTAIN.

Milbrook.—We can report victory for this week-end. We have just welcomed Capt. Redburn to Milbrook. We had a high old time. God came very near and three souls sought salvation.—Auto-harp.

A DOCTOR, METHODIST, AND TWO SALVATIONISTS AT KNEE-DRILL.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—With all the difficulties we have to encounter in this city, the Lord is opening up the way.

Saturday and Sunday Capt. Weir, of Prescott, was with us and we had blessed times. On Saturday night the Captain spoke on a woman's revenge, which was very much enjoyed. Sunday was a light, from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m., but, praise God, two souls surrendered. Capt. Blass was invited over to Prescott for Christmas, and on his return, when opening the door of his quarters, he held a cheque for \$10 which some kind friend had sent along. I can imagine the Captain's joy on opening the envelope. Praise the Lord, He is good to His people.—L. C.

who is expected to farewell from the N.W. Province, will have spent another Christmas with us.—Wm. Parrot, R. C.

A CHARGE OF THE RED-HOT BRIGADE.

Larimore.—Peter said, "I think it meet to stir you up." (11. Peter 1. 13.) In this spirit our dear comrades who travel under the name of the Red-Hot Brigade, came to Larimore, and God has in a very special manner poured out His Spirit. Truly it might be said, of Paul's special meetings, (Acts six. 23) "There are no small stir about that way." Christians out of nearly every denomination in the city were found seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and eleven precious souls sought pardon and are rejoicing in the love of Jesus. Many, including your correspondent, took Him as Physician for body, as well as soul, and some proved where opinions failed, Christ could effect a cure. The children were not overlooked, and, during the series of special meetings, ten dear children accepted Jesus. We have reluctantly said good-bye to our comrades. May God continue to bless and prosper them, and many more souls through their efforts rise up to glorify our Heavenly Father, is the prayer of their many friends and comrades in Larimore. We are looking forward to even greater victories in the future, for God is with us.—Carrie E. Barrager, Capt.

A GOOD WEEK, THE RED-HOT BRIGADE LEADING.

Devil's Lake.—The Red-Hot Brigade has been here and a mark for God and eternity has been made. Their meetings resulted in two souls seeking sanctification and six claiming salvation. An all-alive salvation effort, as put forth by our comrades, is just what is wanted occasionally. God bless them! We were favored with fine weather. The Brigade came at the finish of a storm and had an exceptionally fine week, but went away just as another storm was commencing to rage. Crowds and finances doubled for the week, and afternoons open-air were the order of the week. Both saved and unsaved we were glad to see our comrades again.—Wilkins and wife.

A VISIT FROM ENSIGN PERRY.

Prince Albert.—We have been favored with another visit from Ensign Perry, who has just spent five days with us. The meetings were good. Although the fight of late has been hard, God has come to our help. Our last convert on Sunday night was a junior only seven years old, who was desirous of serving Jesus. May He keep her true. A good crowd attended the lantern service on Monday night. Tuesday night was the Ensign's farewell meeting. We wish him God's blessing.—Hilla Seales.

Ensign Carrie Staiger.

North-West Province.

A VISIT FROM ADJT. MCRAE.

Dunquin, Man.—Since reporting last Easter, Perry has visited us with his lantern. The service entitled "Poor Mike" was enjoyed, and one soul sought salvation. This week we have rejoiced over two coming for salvation, and nine for sanctification. On Sunday last Adj't. McRae was with us. His meeting closed with one soul in the Fountain. Praise the Lord! The devil is being defeated, and we are looking for a harvest of souls.—Thomas F. Stickley, R. C.

SOULS! SOULS!! SOULS!!!

Lethbridge.—During the past few weeks we have had one continual run of soul-saving. The returning of some of our comrades was in direct answer to the many prayers which have from time to time ascended the throne on their behalf. Others have come out for full consecration. Many have been saved, and today are living evidences of the realities of a Christian experience. God bless the converts. Ere this appears our Christmas festivities will be over, and in my next report I hope to furnish an account of another glorious defeat over the devil. Ensign Perry, our T. F. S.

Pacific Province.

GOING FOR SOULS.

Spokane, Wash.—Three souls came to God last Thursday. Some of our comrades who have been hiding their light under a bushel are manfully helping our dear Captain, now that she is in charge during the absence of Staff-Capt. Galt. Adj't. Dodd and his wife help us as often as they possibly can. Neither of them are blessed with the best of health, but, praise God, they are both willing to share the fight under all circumstances. They are in charge of the Social work here, and God has blessed them spiritually, and we trust that He will bless them physically. We are hungry for souls, and through His divine power we are going to have our hunger satisfied.—Joe Logan.

Capt. Johnson,
Women's Shelter, Toronto.

At the Old Men's Home, KAMLOOPS.

Away on the line of the C. P. R., nestled in the mountains, lies the town of Kamloops, and here the Provincial Government of British Columbia has chosen to build the "Old Men's Home." It is a very prettily-designed building from the outside, and with the nice garden in front and the rising hills at the back, it has a very charming appearance, and adds much to the beauty of the town. Ensign Fitzpatrick did a thorough, lasting work for God while stationed at Kamloops, and started holding meetings at the above-mentioned Home, which were appreciated very much.

The writer had a liking for these meetings, and so, being appointed to the corps here, went to see the superintendent of the Institution as to whether meetings could not be commenced again. He most gladly consented and arranged the meeting for Wednesday afternoon. Accordingly at the appointed time a few soldiers and friends, Cadet Sweet and myself, were seen wending their steps towards the Home.

The Superintendent, with a glad smile upon his countenance, made us welcome, saying that the old men had been

Anxiously Waiting for Us

and looking out of the windows ever since dinner.

Oh, what a treat and privilege it was to hold up Jesus Christ, and speak of His love to those forty or more old men, the majority of them grey-haired, some with defective eye-sight, others their hearing gone, and some on crutches. They filled every available seat in the cozy meeting-hall, and stretched forward to catch every word that was said, and every now and again one or two would burst out in tears as the hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit's power would steal over the meeting. Those men, perhaps, represented a different class to what one finds in institutions of this kind: they were men who had helped the building of this country; they had cleared the thick bush, climbed the mountains, prospected the hills, forded the streams, followed the trails, built their little huts, enduring much privation, and sometimes only having the canopy of heaven over them as a covering, until we see, as a result of their work, prosperous little towns dotted here and there throughout the country, backed up by mines which are ever increasing in their value, and valleys that are producing grain, vegetables, fruits, etc., for the thrifty miner. It is only reasonable that these dear old "pioneers" should be well looked after.

Well, How About Their Souls?

Ah! it is hard to bend the "old oak," but some of them were melted down, and like the mighty trees waving with the wind, were moved under the impulse of the warm breezes of heaven. One old man said, "I have been well off and had lots of misery as a sinner keeper, and had an easy time, but through my wickedness God is now rewarding me." I could not help but think of what the preacher said:

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when then shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." And what we saw we rep-

They took up the singing well, and listened attentively to the testimonies of the few comrades who were there, and enjoyed a solo song by one. We are bold to say that these meetings will prove a great blessing to these men in their old age, and a means of salvation to some. God grant that it may be so.—F. R. Bloor, Ensign.

A CORNISH PASTY SOCIAL.

Bute, Mont.—We're still marching on in spite of all the enemy may do to binder us. On Saturday night we had a Cornish Pasty Social, and an enjoyable time we had. In the Sunday afternoon meeting a gentleman requested Mrs. Ayre to sing, "Where is my wandering boy?" While the beautiful song was being sung this brother was seen wiping the tears from his eyes. May God soon bring him to Himself. On Sunday night Lieut. Ellwood, who has

only been with us the short period of several months, said good-bye for another part of the battlefield. May the blessing of God go with her. Since Lieut. and has been here she has endeared herself to both soldiers and friends, and has been faithful to her charge. I am informed that the Christmas War Cry is a dandy. We are all anxious to see it. R. T. Prouse, R. C.

ADM'T. MCGILL'S HOME-COMING.

Nelson, B. C.—"Hurrah for Nelson!" This is how I felt when I returned from Manitoba a few days ago, leaving the snow and ice behind and stepping into an open-air meeting where everybody was dressed in summer attire and the brass band was discharging sweet music, and the soldiers testifying of victory. The converts were in evidence

—men who had been saved during my absence. What a welcome! I tell them they know how to do it in the Kootenay. A coffee social followed the meeting, which was very enjoyable as well as profitable. The work has not only gone on, but gone up, during my absence. Bandmaster Frost has been working hard with the band, and their playing is, to say the least, inspiring. The Juniors are doing well, also Band of Love Bro. Billington deserves credit for the way in which he has taken hold of the work allotted to him, viz., the formation of a library. Nelson is not behind, but quite up to date. Here you will find a people who are fully posted on matters that pertain to the war. We believe in the importance of wholesome reading. Little Walter Ernest Frost was dedicated to God on Sunday afternoon. Bro. and Sister Frost said they were glad to have the privilege of giving their baby to the Lord. They had settled it long ago that they, and all their work, was to be a continual offering to God. We had an enrollment Thursday evening, when Bro. Walton, Garland, and Hancock took their stand as soldiers. Need I say, I am glad to get back, and will do my best to help push on the Gospel chariot.—T. J. McGill, Adj't.

AFTER THE SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Vancouver, B. C.—We go on just the same, after the Big Go is over and after our leaders are gone. The devil is getting mad, but we are glad. Souls who have been held by Satan's chains are proving the power of God to save them from sin. We are going on in the might of Jehovah.—B. Norman, R. C.

GREAT REJOICING.

Missoula, Mont.—There was great rejoicing last Monday night when two precious souls volunteered for the Master, and got nicely saved. They are now praising God for victory. God's wonderful power is being manifested in our midst and sinners are beginning to tremble. Praise the Lord!—J. H. F. C.

He that attempts to get rid of his fears by running from God, will infallibly increase them.

The great possessions even of this world are not for sale to the highest bidder. They cannot be bought with money.—January Ladies' Home Journal.



"That is well, Dina: read the War Cry and the Bible and you will suit me very well."

A TEMPLE WEDDING CONDUCTED BY COLONEL JACOBS.

Ten Souls Sought Salvation at the Close.

Weddings are interesting at all times, but then when it comes to having one at your own corps, in which an old comrade is to take a leading part, one could hardly stay away. The one about which I am writing to tell you took place at the Temple on Monday, Dec. 17th, and was conducted by Colonel Jacobs. The interested parties were Bro. Dave Tucker, J. S. S.M., of the Temple, and Sister Lillie Belhan, of Yorkville corps. They have both been faithful warriors of the above-mentioned corps for some years.



Bro. D. and Mrs. Tucker.

The meeting started off with a good swing. The Colonel was in the best of spirits. A large number of the city officers and soldiers were present, the city corps being closed for the occasion.

The Colonel was assisted by Mrs. Jacobs, Major Turner, Staff-Capt. Stanion, and others. After the preliminaries were over the Colonel read the Articles of Marriage and proceeded with the service. The "I will's" were spoken clearly and firmly.

After the ceremony was over the Colonel called upon Capt. LeCoq, the best man, to say a few words. He said he had shot a goodly number of 65-grainers in his day, and had never thought it, but it would not take much to score him then. He was very pleased to be present. Wished our comrade much joy.

Bandmaster Hader made a very pleasant speech on behalf of the Temple corps. Sister Judicron, who was bride-maid, spoke on behalf of the Yorkville corps. Mrs. Jacobs also spoke. The Colonel introduced her as "Mother," as the Colonel said the bride had been living with them for about seven years; he thought Mrs. Jacobs could well be called her mother. Mrs. Jacobs spoke in glowing terms of the bride; she was a thrifty house-keeper and she was all right. She predicted a happy career for them.

The Colonel's Bible reading was superb and resulted in prompting several souls to seek Christ. After a good, lively, and well-fought prayer meeting, led by the Colonel, ten souls came forward.

We all join with each other in wishing our comrades much happiness and the continual blessing of God. I also might add that the crowd taxed the full seating capacity of the Jubilee Hall. The Juniors on the platform was a pleasing feature of the meeting.—P.

Plants Require Plenty of Fresh Air.

"Sometimes plants fail to do well because they are not given enough air," writes Eben E. Bedford, in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "Plants breathe, just as human beings do, and unless they can have a sufficient amount of pure oxygen to answer the demands of their nature they will not grow, because they cannot grow. Make it a rule to admit pure fresh air every pleasant day into the rooms in which your plants are growing. Very often plants fail to grow because they are small, young specimens which have been planted in large pots. Small plants are injured greatly by this

treatment—indeed, they are often killed by it, because their fine young tender roots are not able to appropriate the nutriment contained in a large amount of earth, and, as a natural consequence, the tender plants are overtaken. They cannot digest all the food forced upon them, and vegetable dyspepsia results. Use small pots for small plants, and shift, from time to time, to larger sizes as the old pots are filled with roots."

FEED THE HUNGRY

Is a Divine Injunction Headed by the Salvatio Army.

Average of 46 Meals Served Daily—Paid for by Saving Wood at Prevailing Prices.

(From the Dawson Nugget.)

"What is the show for getting a supper and a place to sleep?"

"Very good, sir, very good."

The first speaker was a Nugget reporter, and the second was Adj't. Barr, of the Salvation Army, the time being late night and the place the dining-room of the institution, which is located near Mission Street.

Continuing, the reporter, who represented himself as being hungry, weary, and generally on the decline, inquired on what terms the entertainment could be had, to which the Adj'tant replied:

"We will give you a supper and a comfortable place to sleep, and a breakfast in the morning, when you will owe us \$1.25, which is 50 cents each for the meals and 25 cents for the bed. After breakfast you will be expected to go down on the bench to our woodpile and save enough wood to pay for what you have had. We allow \$6 per cord for saving 16-inch wood and \$8 per cord when it is saved at 12-inch lengths."

"In case I board with you for several days, what kind of grub may I expect?" asked the man who couldn't save a cord of wood between now and St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

"Well, sir," replied the Adj'tant, "we will give you three square meals every day consisting of bread, soup, meat, potatoes (sometimes chowder and sometimes evaporated), pie or preserves, tea or coffee, butter, etc. The bed you will occupy will be very comfortable, we suppose, with the blankets."

Sounding as he was in a fair way to get his name on the pot for supper if he kept on, the reporter then explained to the Adj'tant his business and from him received some interesting information relative to the great work which the Army is accomplishing in this city.

An average of fifteen men are fed at each meal, or forty-five fed daily. From fifteen to twenty men sleep there each night, and Adj't. Barr says he could use a dozen or more additional bunks to very good advantage. At the rates charged a man's bed and board costs him but \$12.25 per week, and what he can earn over and above that amount by sawing wood is paid him in cash.

The greatest difficulty which Adj't. Barr has to face at present is the one of finding a market for his wood, the city being apparently overstocked at the present time. The Army owns its own team, and will deliver either sawed or long wood to any part of the city at the prevailing market prices for fuel.

The Army has now on the bench upwards of 100 cords, and several hundred more in reserve to bring in when needed.

The Shelter, where the boarders are fed and housed, is at present clean and quiet, and the city, while the kitchen will compare favorably with that of the most fastidious household in the land.

As is always the case when there is a branch of the Army, a grand Christmas dinner will be served, for which preparations are already under way. The letter from Adj't. Barr to citizens is self-explanatory, and will appeal to the sentiment of all who stop to consider the good work which is now being carried on in Dawson by these self-sacrificing, never-tiring people.

Does a man sleep the better who has four-and-twenty hours to doze in?

If thou knowst not grief and care, it is because thou knowst not love, whereas they are the companions.

Our Locals.

Floor-Sergt. Wm. Matthews, Ottawa.

Sergt. Matthews is an Englishman by birth. He lived in the County of Warwickshire until the age of 12 years,



Sergt. Matthews, Ottawa §

when an evangelist visited his village and held tent meetings. Of the influence of those services the Sergeant says himself: "Although only twelve years old the Spirit of God spoke mightily to my soul. One day, when the evangelist gave the invitation for sinners to stand up to be prayed for, I felt as though I ought to be saved, but I put the matter off. The evangelist went away, but the Spirit of God never left me. I dreamed terrible dreams of the Judgment Day, in which I found myself standing alone before God. For about twenty months the Spirit of God strove with me, then an evangelist visited a neighboring village, and there I sought the Saviour and God spoke peace to my soul, and I arose from my knees a saved lad. I returned home happy in my new-found joy. A month after my conversion the Lord gave me the soul of my chum, who to-day is a faithful soldier of the Cross. I served God for four years until I secured a situation as a driver. Having no Christian influence about me, I drifted away from God, and after a time into sin. In the Fall of 1888, I came to Canada, still walking in the way of the backslider; but last Watch-night (1889) I attended the Watch-night service at the Salvation Army barracks. I came back to Christ and renewed my vows, which, by His grace, I mean to keep. I was enrolled as a soldier on the 8th of March, by Adj't. Hendricks, and praise God He has kept me fighting. I firmly believe that the Army is the place where God wants me to be. I now hold the position of Sergeant, which I trust to fill to the best of my ability. I want, by the help of God, to be a credit to the Salvation Army. I might just mention that the Army has friends and soldiers in every class of society, and I believe here we have a bright future before us.

PALMERSTON.—Tracs. Scott Cowan is a Local Officer that you can depend upon. He has been a loyal Salvationist for over 16 years, and although he lives about five miles in the country, yet if it is at all possible to come into town, you will see him in the open air tell in the story of Jesus and His love.



The Lord has prospered him in this world's goods; he has a very nice farm, and loves to help on the work of God with his money. Nothing seems too hard for him to do for the cause to which he belongs. He has been a great blessing and help to many around him, and many officers who have been stationed at Palmerston will not very soon forget the Treasurer's faithfulness. May he kept steadfast to the end.—W. Orchard, D. O.

Mike in Penitentiary.

Well, Mr. Editor, that was kind of ye to put in all that long piece I sent ye a while ago, but this ye Arme popel ate bolt or the timber that alvus enkangs a poor man to tryin tu do a little.

I'm morin still, an things keep happen in fur tu rite about, so that it seems as tho I wad never stop. I send by yer paper that Mt. White is gone out West. It's meself that's sorry, for Mr. White an me got to be good friends in Toronto. I mate tell ye a little joke about Mr. White, but it mite hort his feelings so I won't tell just now.

Well, since leavin Toronto I've been morin a good deal, but ye'll not be thinkin in I dan anything bad when I tell ye I've been in penitentiary, fur

Me Sentence was Only Thirty Minnits,

an they won't let me go back for three months tu kum. Well, explainin meself more clearly, I sa, I went wid Mr. Kendal an sum other Salvashioners. It made me harte sorry to see the hundreds of dese men, men who God loved as much as myself else, but who were foodeed an ruined by the devil. Well, they gin Mike ten minnits tu speak; it was the chans on a lif-time. Mr. Editor, I'd rather hav ten minutes tu speak tu des men than a mity piec o' wood. As the poet says:

"I love to tell the story
Of Jesus and His love."

An the dere men listened like they was havin a treat, we talked an the gators paid an suns sum o' yer beautif Salvashun songs.

It's a pity Arme can't go straight in the penitentiary, but the government won't allow it, an ye can't blame them; it's the poor men's own fault fur doin the devil's work an so gettin in the pen. Sum folks is alvus blamin the government for their misfortunes, but I've alwus noticed if a man has the rite government in his own harte he kin get along all rite. My nabor, Tom Jones end alwus grow good potatoes whether the Kuksurivates or the Liberals was in power, an it all kum by

Hosin' His Own Patch

instead or sittin in the saloon abusin the government. But sure, I'm not elechshuner.

Well, I moved on down tu Montreal, an went to see Mr. Williams at the old kore on Alexander St. Ye shud see Mr. Williams leadin a testimonie meetin. Bein Presbyterian myself, I'm quiet like, but I enjoy a lively time just the same. Mr. Williams is in the work in a strikin manner, an he acts like a workin man, takin of his kote an

Bollin' Up His Sleeves.

he goes at it until he sweats. He is a stone-mason to trade, an a salvashun builder by the wa he acts now, an his fayin shows fine ston in the old kore at Montreal. Ye'll see, when I return so far that Mike's got his Bible, an Mr. Williams' salvashun makes me think or what the grate Apostle sed about "Eru stones bein bult up tu a spiritual house." Mr. Williams is babin up a spiritual house wid some lively stoner. There is me old friend, Mr. Mulkey, who was livin in sin, cassin, an swearin, an drinkin; but Mr. Williams, wid his mason's hammer or Gospel truth, bus hit him bard,

An' Knocked Off the Boff Kornars

an got him to seek the dere Lord, an now he is a lively stony in the Lord's house, pitchin in an workin, an helpon look after other poor sinners, as help all he can. Sure it's more or less lively stones the dere Lord wants, who wid sumthin fur His Kingdom. The world seems ful o' du-nuthin these days.

Well, begin that the boy preacher wus in town. I made up me mind tu hear him, tho it is mite unusual fur Mike to miss even one meeting in yer Arme, but it isn't any harm to visit yer nabor wusint in a while. I've no use fur preper who sit in their nabor's houses all the time, an neglect their own work fur the dere Lord. If me nabor can teach me how to hoe me own garden better, I'm not above learnin even from a boy. I'll go and see what the boy iz like, see I.

"Oh, take me," sez a little girl.

"An me," sez a boy.

"I will," sez I, an in kompany wid the dirlants I went tu the church.

I went tu hear a boy, an that is just what I heard—a boy talkin straight kommon sense in the power o' the Spirit ov the dere Lord. Sure popel sa he rambles from his subject. I never no before that it was envy harm for a boy to ramble. I thought it was boy-nature, an the Lord made boys that nature. I think the harm ov ramblin depends a good deal on where a boy rambles tu; an if this boy rambled at all it was amongst good straight truths from the good Book. His ramblin made me think o' a story I had red ov a mother who was talkin to her boy about the evils ov sin. At last her remarks be-kened the point. The boy kuled up an sez, "Mother, don't ye think ye've wandered a good deal from your subject?" The boy preacher rambled from his subject to sit in the huts ov his hearers, an hit it sum pretty honey blowz. Me harte was all warmed up, an I fel in love wid the preacher and his curly-headed brother. "Christianity is what ye make it," sez the boy. "Rite," sez I, an turnin up mine Bible I red, "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright; with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward."

But it was over, an we left the church. "How did ye like it?" sez I to the boy who was wid me (he was a Salvashun boy, about as old as the preacher).

"He gin it tu them straight from the backbone," sez he.

Mr. Editor, I was struck wid the remark. "These boys who is servin the Lord is no fools," sez I tu myself. "Gin the boys a chance," sez I, an I went on to me home throu the howlin storm, convinced that the Lord had called the lad. —Movin Mike.

The Dynamic Quartette.

Two More Weeks at Lindsay Result in 48 Seniors and 6 Juniors for Salvation, and 24 for the Blessing—16 were Enrolled on the Spot—At Fenelon Falls 10 Seek Salvation.

The second and third weeks spent at Lindsay brought even greater blessings than the first. For some time the Locals and soldiers had been praying for a great onslaught on the enemy, hence the flood-tide of salvation that swept in upon the place. At the penitent form idols were cast away, and tobacco and pipes exchanged for S. A. shields and S.'s.

So the revival has been rolling on, and God has poured out His spirit upon the meetings in a wonderful manner. The crowds have been excellent, having the large hall nearly filled every night. In almost every meeting sinners have been crying for mercy.

At the conclusion of our stay we had a musical meeting and enrolment. Capt. Corriss and Lieut. Ryan took their departure for Fenelon Falls, while Adj't. Newman and Capt. Trickey remained on a week longer.

Many good cases of conversion took place, and several started out at once to put on uniform. In a holiness meeting one sister who had left the ball was compelled by the Holy Spirit to return and get right at the foot of the Cross. In the Junior meeting some of the children came and gave their young hearts to God.

A second enrolment was conducted by the Adj'tant, and out of the 25 who promised to become soldiers, altogether 16 took their stand and were enrolled under the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

On Sunday Lieut. Bone farewelled for a short furlough. At the close of the last meeting we joined hands and sang together, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

In looking back over the days spent at Lindsay, we count nearly twenty-five hundred people who attended the meetings, giving almost \$50 collection. 54 souls was the total for salvation, and 24 came out for sanctification. Some

Candidates and Corps-Galets will be secured out of that number.

Leaving Lindsay, we journey on to Fenelon Falls, where a hot dinner is provided at the quarters. Capt. and Mrs. Howell having just farewelled, there were no officers, but the soldiers were full of fight and went in to do their part in making the visit the success it was.

It was our privilege to spend Christmas at this corps, and a "Merry Christmas" it was. A kind friend did not forget to send along a goose. During Christmas Day two open-air and three inside meetings were held, with good crowds. It would do you good to hear the testimony of one of our dear Indian comrades. In his broken language he says, "Me was not good, but Army came tell me be good. No bad at all any more."

On the last night we had with us quite a few soldiers from Lindsay, who drove over; among that number were many of the recent converts, who were full of fire. A musical meeting was held. The "critic's" song caught on all right. The duet by Sisters Lindsay, solo by Lieut. Bone, and others, were well appreciated. "Happy" Jack was in evidence.

A letter was read to Adj't. Newman and a Christmas gift was presented to him by the other members of the quartette, as a token of their esteem. He replied, expressing thanks. The Adj'tant read from God's word.

The inner man was replenished by refreshments being passed around; then in we went for a "Half-Night of Prayer." A large crowd stayed, and God's Spirit was at work upon their hearts. Some yielded to His pleading, and we all rejoiced together for the blessings received. At an early hour we retired to rest, feeling happy over the nine days' victories, during which ten souls had come out for salvation. We stayed at Lindsay for another night, on our way to Orillia.—N. R. T.



* Parents, Relations &c Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist wifled women and children. Address JOHN H. COHEN, 100 EAST STREET, NEW YORK, or on the telephone. Fifty cents will be cost, if possible.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and if any Comrades or friends above give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

RUDGE, SARAH. Age 20, fair complexion, dark eyes. Last heard of 13 years ago at Brass Street, Newtown Row, England. Friends in B. C. enquire.

BUSHNELL, JOHN H. Age 50, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in. Formerly of Picton, Ont. Has been missing 14 years. Lived at Wutertown, U.S.A., for seven years. Not been heard of since. Friends enquire.

Second insertion.

COHEN, WM. Age 23, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair. History strong and has a scar on his forehead. Mother very anxious.

MATCHETT, ROBERT. Missing 11 years. Age 32, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, dark complexion. Trade, coach painter. Last known address Paisley, Ont.

SMITH, G. W. Missing 11 years. Blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of at Helena, Mont. Father most anxious to hear.

TEMPLE, LL. Age 43. Born in the Union, and blue eyes. Barber by trade. Left Seattle for Alaska three years ago last August. May be at the Pacific Coast. Last heard of at Lake Lindemann. Friends enquire.

BELI, ANTHONY. Age 12 years. Left Montreal Tuesday last. Not been seen since. One foot frozen. Had one large boot and small one. Father in Sudbury exceedingly anxious.



The East Maintains the Lead—Arab at the Head of the Ontario Provinces

The North-West Showing Well, but the Pacific is Missing this Week—Kitchener the Champion Still.

The East is getting on a gait in keeping with her standing otherwise, and we are glad that there is such a marked improvement which we trust will be maintained in future.

Arab seems to take unkindly to the Eastern advances, and has somewhat dropped, but still is ahead of the Ontario Provinces. I should not be surprised to learn that he is just getting his wind for the home-stretch, when he will endeavor to crowd the Eastern Star. Of course, this is only a surmise, not a prophecy.

For a change, the Pacific list is missing this week, while the North-West shows up very well indeed.

The individual championship is held by Lieut. Kitchen (258), but Lieut. Crawford is only five behind her, and may yet snatch the laurels from her brow. Capt. Martin, of the East, is third with 192.

May the new Century see a mighty boom of the War Cry, but please don't wait until it closes, but do your share of the boom to-day!

EASTERN PROVINCE

104 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown 192
Mrs. Adj't. Frazer, Halifax I 165
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay 153
P. S. McQueen, Moncton 145
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth 140
Sergt. Venot, Halifax II 131
Capt. J. Clark, Carleton 110
Noah Flood, Hamilton 100
Cadet Weakley, Sydney 100
Lieut. Taylor, Amherst 100
Mrs. St. Catherines, Hamilton 100
Sergt. St. Catherines, Halifax I 100
Adj't. Jennings, Windsor 100
Cadet Vandine, Yarmouth 92
Ensign Knight, Westville 90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle 85
Lieut. Redman, Chatham 85
L. Newell, Yarmouth 85
Capt. Allan, St. John I 81
Capt. Miller, St. John I 81
Capt. Ryan, Truro 81
Lieut. Lejeans, Truro 80
Cadet March, New Glasgow 80
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney 79
Lieut. White, Sussex 65
Lieut. Tatam, St. John V 65
A. Goodwin, Annapolis 65
R. Reid, St. John I 65
Capt. Forsey, Canning 55
M. Myles, Kentville 54
E. Romie, Bridgewater 53
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool 50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay 50
Adj't. Frazer, Halifax I 50
Adj't. Dowell, New Glasgow 50
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow 50
Sister Adams, St. John V 50
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou 50
Lieut. Lehana, Pictou 50
Sergt. Peckwood, St. Georges 50
Lieut. Mowbray, St. George's 50
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's 45
Adj't. Wiggins, Fredericton 45
Sergt. Solig, Halifax I 45
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax II 45
Capt. Leadley, Sydnye Mines 40
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Digby 40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown 38
Sergt. Kelley, St. George's 37
Capt. Bell, Somerset 37
Cadet Reeve, Sydney 36
Lieut. Smith, Fairville 35
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro 35
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro 35
Lieut. Pemberton, Bridgewater 35
Capt. G. Thompson, N. Sydney 33
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville 33
Adj't. McNamara, St. John I 33
Lieut. Frazer, Hampton 30
L. McFadden, Fredericton 30

P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton 30	Ensign Slocum, St. Thomas 50	Lieut. Porter, Riverside 50
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton 30	Capt. Fyfe, Wingham 50	Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St. 50
Sergt. McDowell, Dartmouth 26	Lieut. Stickels, Winscham 50	Sister Goffon, Temple 50
S. Holden, Winsor 26	Adj't. Wakefield, London 50	Ensign C. Brant, Chesley 50
Capt. McClearchen, Chatham 25	Sergt. Palmer, London 46	Capt. Hunkinson, Newmarket 47
Mrs. Allan, St. John II 25	Mrs. Greer, Dresden 46	Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket 47
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham 25	Lieut. Fenney, Palmerston 46	Eugene Lord, Meaford 47
See. Ellis, Charlottetown 25	Lieut. Youmans, Berlin 46	Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls 45
Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg 24	Capt. Cop, Seaford 46	P. S. M. Bradley, Temple 45
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown 24	Cadet-Lieut. Ringler, Listowel 46	S. M. Gilks, Yorkville 42
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton 24	Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel 46	Capt. McCann, Hamilton I 40
Corps-Cadet McLeannan, St. John I 24	Capt. Jordison, Hespeler 49	Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton 40
Mrs. Sherwood, St. John I 22	Capt. Gibson, Norwich 49	Capt. Stolliker, Riverside 40
Sister Moore, Charlottetown 22	Lieut. Pickle, Norwich 49	Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood 40
Capt. Green, Bridgetown 22	Sarah Wakefield, Forest 36	Sister Bowman, Temple 40
Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor 20	Lieut. Greenwood, Tilsonburg 36	Sister Kennedy, Yorkville 40
Capt. Trafton, Summerside 20	Capt. White, Clinton 36	Capt. Liston, Toronto I 37
Lieut. McIvor, Summerside 20	Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll 35	Bro. Dixon, Temple 36
Mrs. Rose, Fredericton 20	Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll 35	Mrs. Adj't. Bale, Bracebridge 36
Capt. Kirk, Fairville 20	Ension Howcroft, Ridgeview 35	Capt. A. Shearin, Lindsay 35
Bro. Murray, Sydney 20	Mother Cutting, Essex 32	Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmantown 35
Capt. Green, Sackville 20	Adj't. McHarg, Petrolia 32	Capt. Darrach, North Bay 33
Lieut. McLennan, Sackville 20	Capt. McCutcheon, Ingersoll 31	Adj't. Goodwin, Hamilton II 32
M. Sparks, New Glasgow 20	Capt. Mathers, Bleuehie 30	Lieut. Price, North Bay 32
Lieut. Clark, New Glasgow 20	Capt. Dowell, Strathroy 30	Ensign McDonald, Dovercourt 30
A. Munro, Glace Bay 20	Capt. Hancock, Palmerston 30	Capt. Desbarres, Barrie 30
B. Lurie, Yarmouth 20	S. M. Martin, St. Thomas 30	May Tuck, Lisgar St. 30
A. Thompson, Moncton 20	P. S. M. Dearling, Hespeler 30	Capt. Meeks, Yorkville 30
Cadet Munro, Freeport 20	Capt. Carr, Petrolia 30	Sister Medlock, Temple 30
Capt. Perry, North Head 20	Capt. Brooks, Thedford 30	Capt. Leggot, Brooklin 30
Cadet Munro, North Head 20	Mrs. Harris, London 30	Capt. Davies, Orangeville 30
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor 20	Rose Ellis, Dresden 28	Capt. Marshall, Feversham 29
Adj't. Byers, St. John III 20	Cadet-Lieut. Martin, Chatham 28	Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines 29
Capt. Tiller, St. John III 20	Capt. Harman, Portwell 25	Capt. Ronne, Dundas 27
Capt. Brehant, Southampton 20	Capt. Booch, Bayfield 25	Capt. Stephens, Aurora 27
Lieut. Notting, Stellarion 20	Bro. Ellis, Sarnia 25	Capt. Liddell, Aurora 27
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton 20	Cadet-Lieut. Craft, Guelph 24	Neill Richards, Lindsay 26
Capt. Butt, Bear River 20	J. S. Treas, Melville, St. Thomas 24	Copra-Cader McKinney, Riverside 25
Lieut. Chandler, Bear River 20	Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg 23	Adj't. Walker, Riverside 25



Dr. Boomer: "The reason, Sergeant Grumbler, you are down ill is because you have worried too much about the Captain's and the Editor's business, and have done too little hustling yourself. My advice is, take plenty of exercise, and there is nothing better than selling War Cry to make you step around in cold weather."

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.	87 Hustlers.	EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.	60 Hustlers.
		CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.	
		85 Hustlers.	
		Lieut. A. Parker, Hamilton II. 150	
		Sergt. Dunbarville, Hamilton II. 132	
		Cadet-Lieut. Currell, Barrie 130	
		Capt. Banks, St. Catharines 125	
		Capt. Hanna, Midland 95	
		Sister Gilmet, Temple 95	
		Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound 75	
		Capt. J. McLean, Owen Sound 70	
		Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St. 60	
		Sergt. Sister, Fenlon Falls 68	
		Capt. Poole, Oshawa 55	
		Capt. Slater, St. Albans 55	
		Capt. Bowers, Sudbury 55	
		Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury 55	
		Lieut. McNamis, Lippincott St. 53	
		Capt. Stewart, Lisgar St. 50	

Capt. Williams, Galt 85
Capt. Williams, Woodstock 77
S. M. McDonald, Goderich 76
Mrs. Capt. Co., Seaford 71
Lieut. Maisey, Essex 70
Capt. Horwood, Windsor 70
P. S. M. Benn, Petrolia 68
Sergt. Wright, Ingersoll 67
Lieut. Carter, Galt 65
Mrs. Richards, Guelph 62
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgeway 60
Capt. Haley, Sarnia 60
Lieut. Lamb, Guelph 58
Lieut. Smith, Goderich 56
Mrs. Rumble, Chatham 55
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia 55
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg 53
Cadet-Lieut. Watson, Blenheim 50

SERGEANT MARGIE.

A STORY OF SLUMDOM.

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Father Duquet, Trenton.....	20
Middlest. Val, Barre.....	20
Capt. Owens, Barre.....	20
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Stephen Stanzel, Carleton Place.....	20

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Capt. Wick, Prince Albert.....	60
Mrs. Capt. Gilham, Bemidji.....	60
Lient. E. Gamble, Souris.....	60
Capt. Hall, Lethbridge.....	60
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead.....	55
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Treas. St. John, Minnedosa.....	20
Capt. Brown, Virden.....	20
Sergt. Craft, Grand Forks.....	20
Capt. Halsted, Morden.....	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

21 Hustlers.

Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. John's II.....	80
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Capt. M. Janes, St. John's I.....	25
Cadet G. White, St. John's I.....	25
Cadet R. Mercer, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. Mary Bunnion, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. B. Mungford, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. Mrs. Hutchings, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. E. Payne, St. John's I.....	25
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Cadet Hines, St. John's II.....	25
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"Say," said the young man, hesitatingly. "Sergt. Margie, with the baby in her arms, followed where her deliverer led without a word."

Sergt. Margie shook with terror, and the woman suddenly shrank behind the door. Seeing this, the young fellow beckoned Margie.

"Come along with me, we must get out," said Margie, with the baby in her arms, followed where her deliverer led without a word.

Square after square was passed, neither Sergeant Margie nor her rescuer uttering a word, until, when the house was left far behind, the girl, suddenly noticing how the evening breeze was blowing on the baby's uncovered head, said anxiously: "The baby'll get cold; it's sick anyway; it ought to have something over its head."

The fierce young man cast a rather timid glance at the baby, but said nothing for several minutes, he and the Sergeant trudging along in silence. Finally, while a hot feeling took possession of his face, he abruptly wrenched from his neck a green, knitted mitten, and, proffering it to Margie, gruffly remarked: "Put that on the baby."

Sergt. Margie thanked him heartily, and they trudged on again silently. By this time the girl's knees were giving way under her from sheer physical exhaustion.

"Stop a minute, please," she finally ejaculated faintly. "I'm—I'm so awful tired." They halted, and the fierce young man hastened to remove his own leather gauntlet.

"Do you think you could carry the baby for a little while?" said Margie, venturing timidly to suggest.

"Wouldn't know if it was upside down or not; never held such a small youngster," replied her escort, in tones that positively faltered, while his countenance filled with a look of abject terror. Poor Margie was pale and weak with exhaustion, and the baby seemed to grow heavier and heavier with every step she took.

"I don't think you would hurt it; just hold on to it; you can't drop it," she said in desperation. "Hold it out your arms and I'll show you."

The burly escort stiffly extended his arms, Sergt. Margie laid the human bundle across them. "Now," said she, "draw your right arm up so that its head will rest on your shoulder. That's right; and now wind your left arm around it like this, and draw it down a bit. There." Thus did Sergt. Margie instruct the fierce young man in the mysteries of baby-holding.

He took the initiation meekly and not too awkwardly; and Sergt. Margie, having satisfied herself that the little one was safe and comfortable, walked on with lightened step.

"Where do you lodge?" suddenly enquired the new nurse. Sergt. Margie told him, and he responded, "We're not ten minutes' walk from there;" and on they plodded.

"Here we are at last," was the welcome remark from her burly escort. Stepping in front of a tall building, he carefully handed her the baby, which had gone to sleep, then he turned as if to go.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times for helping me and baby," said Margie, exclaiming fervently. She never thought of asking how he happened to be in Angel Meadow at so opportune a time. She believed that nothing happened by chance, and felt simply that her heavenly Captain had provided this auxiliary just when His weak soldier was about to be worsted. Nor did her rescuer offer her any explanation. He

did not say that he had overheard her remark the evening before in regard to her next day's work; and that, surprised and touched over the little weakling's pluck, as well as over her public speech, he had followed her and hung all day about the place of her mission.

He had heard her sing to the baby, had watched her walking up and down with it before the door, and finally had burst in at the last to save her from the child's brutal parents.

"Oh, it's all right," said he in response to Sergt. Margie's thanks. Tears were welling in the latter's eyes.

Suddenly she burst out with, "Jesus loves you for this. He's looking on you and blessing you."

"It's all right," repeated the young man, rather haggard. Sergt. Margie gave him a full, sweet look of gratitude.

"Say," said the young man, hesitatingly. "Sergt. Margie, with the baby in her arms, followed where her deliverer led without a word."

"Come along with me, we must get out," said Margie, with the baby in her arms, followed where her deliverer led without a word.

"Wouldn't know if it was upside down or not; never held such a small youngster," replied her escort, in tones that positively faltered.

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SONGS OF THE WEEK



Holiness.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 56); Madrid (B.J. 170); Stella (B.J. 25).

Give me the faith that Jesus had,
The faith that can great mountains
Move ;
That makes the mournful spirit glad,
The saving faith that works by love ;
The faith for which the saints have
striven ;
The faith that pulls the fire from heaven.

Give me the faith that gets the power,
That stubborn devils cannot turn,
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn ;
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells ;
That buries self and slanders lust ;
That keeps out all that Christ expels ;
That gives no quarter to the foe ;
That sternly says, "You'll have to go !"

Lord, Baptize Us Now.

Tune.—Glory to His name (B.B. 38).

We seek the blessing that comes
from Thee,
Make us the people we ought to be,
Save us from self and set us free,
Lord, baptize us now !

Chorus.

Lord, baptize us now !
Lord, baptize us now !
With love and power to do and dare,
Lord, baptize us, now !

May selfish nuns be for ever slain,
Let not one stain on our hearts remain,
Open the windows of heaven again,
Lord, baptize us now !

Our hearts grow cold in the daily strife,
The cares of the world dim the spirit-life.

Thy grace alone can the soul revive,
Lord, baptize us now :

To know the smile of the Saviour's face,
To live each day in the secret place,
To rest at last in Thy sweet embrace,
Lord, baptize us now :

W. Ritchie,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

The Penitent's Hope.

Tune.—Sandor; or, Lead kindly light (B.J. 300).

Lord, if it's true that Thou art full
of love,
Why need I fear ?
If Thy compassion brought Thee from
above,
Why need I fear ?

To Thee I bring my guilty, wounded
soul,
Thou hast the power to speak me fully
whole.

And if it's true that none are turned
away,
Why need I fear ?

Though I am vile, and hell obstruct the
way,

Why need I fear ?
And though from Thee, for years, my
soul has strayed,
Thou hidest me come, I will not be afraid.

Lord, at Thy feet in confidence I pray,
Why need I fear ?
Now, in Thy mercy, take my sins away,
Why need I fear ?
My only plea, for me the Saviour died,
I dare believe the blood is now applied.
And now I'll go and spread the news abroad,
Why need I fear ?
I'm saved and kept, by an almighty God,
Why need I fear ?
Lord, help me lead the deepest dyed to Thee,
By telling them what Thou hast done for me.

Major Baugh.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Canaan, bright Canaan (B.J. 50).
Ob, what has Jesus bought for me ?
A free and full salvation !
He groaned and died upon the tree
To give me full salvation.
I'm happy now both night and day,
Since I gained full salvation ;
No matter what the world may say,
I'll tell of full salvation.

Chorus.

Salvation ! Salvation !—
A free and full salvation !
My Saviour died upon the tree
To give me full salvation.

For young and old, for rich and poor,
A free and full salvation !
For temper there's no better cure
Than a free and full salvation.
It takes away the love of self—
A free and full salvation !
It's better far than fame or wealth—
A free and full salvation !
Oh, come and get your sins forgiven,
And have a full salvation ;
You cannot hope to go to heaven
Without a full salvation.
Well, then, sing, and sing, and tell the world
Of free and full salvation ;
And fight beneath our flag unfurled,
The flag of full salvation.

Tune.—Before I got salvation (B.J. 64).

Before I got salvation,
I was sunk in degradation,
And from my Saviour wandered far astray ;
But I came to Calvary's mountain,
Where I fell into the Fountain,
And from my heart the burden rolled away.

Chorus.

Twas a happy day, and no mistake,
When Jesus from my heart did take
The load of sin which made it ache
And filled my soul with joy.

Since I have been converted,
And the devil's ranks deserted,

A Saviour's Love.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful levo it must be ! But did He come down from above Out of love and compassion for me?

2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languished and died on the tree; But, is it anywhere said, That He languished and suffered for me ?

3. I have heard told of a beam on high, Which is a beam of love and small seed ; But is there a place in the sky, Made ready, ac' furnished for me ?

4. Lord, answer these questions of mine : To whom will I tell of Thee ? And why by Thy spirit divine, There's a Saviour, and heaven for me.

Salvation.

Tunes.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 65); Ellacombe (B.J. 237).

God speaks to men, in various ways
He seeks their hearts to gain ;
What patience old He displays,
Oft mete cold disdain !

Chorus.

Ob, voice of God, speak louder yet,
The heedless soul arouse !
Force home the truths it will forget,
Till at the Cross it bows.

In hours of stillness oft we feel
The weight of guilt and sin ;
Then gods speak—He would reveal
The danger we are in.

In sorrows, too, His voice He sends,
In hours of pain and woe ;
And why ? The wanderer He befriends
By coming to him so.

God speaks to warn, to woo, to guide
The erring of our race ;
Oh, listen, sinner, don't deride
The offers of His grace !

Major Slater.

Come to the Cross.

Tune.—There is a happy land (B.J. 174).

7 Come, sinner, to the Cross,
Come, come away !
Come, count all else but cross,
Come, come away !
Jesus waits to act you free,
From your sin and misery,
To the Cross for refuge flee,
Come, come away !

Chorus.

Jesus waits to set you free,
From your sin and misery,
To the Cross for refuge flee,
Come, come away !

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
Come, come away !
On Calvary's Cross was crucified,
Come, come away !
Jesus longs to save you now,
Come, and at His footstool low,
Come, just now fulfill that vow,
Come, come away !

Death is drawing very nigh,
Come, come to-day !
Time is earnest, passing by,
Come, come to-day !
Come before it is too late,
Else you're shut outside the gate,
Then to hear that awful fate,
Pass, pass nay !

Jesus now is calling thee,
Come, sinner, come !
He will give you liberty,
Come, sinner, come !
Jesus calls aloud to thee,
Come, come and be set free,
Then you'll have true liberty,
Come, sinner, come !

David Angus, London.